

MAC

WESTERN ADVENTURES

# TIM HOLT



10c

No. 9

**COWBOY STAR OF THE MOVIES**

In this issue:

**Terrible Tenderfoot**

**Sixgun Sheriff**

**Mine Menace**

AND OTHER STORIES



# TIM HOLT'S WESTERN ALBUM



Tim didn't always own Lightning. Here he is in the soaring saddle of the high-rearing Sheik, a strong, Lippizon stallion who likes to pose for the camera.



The beautiful blonde's in trouble, and anyone in trouble can always count on Tim Holt — if they're on the side of law and order, that is!

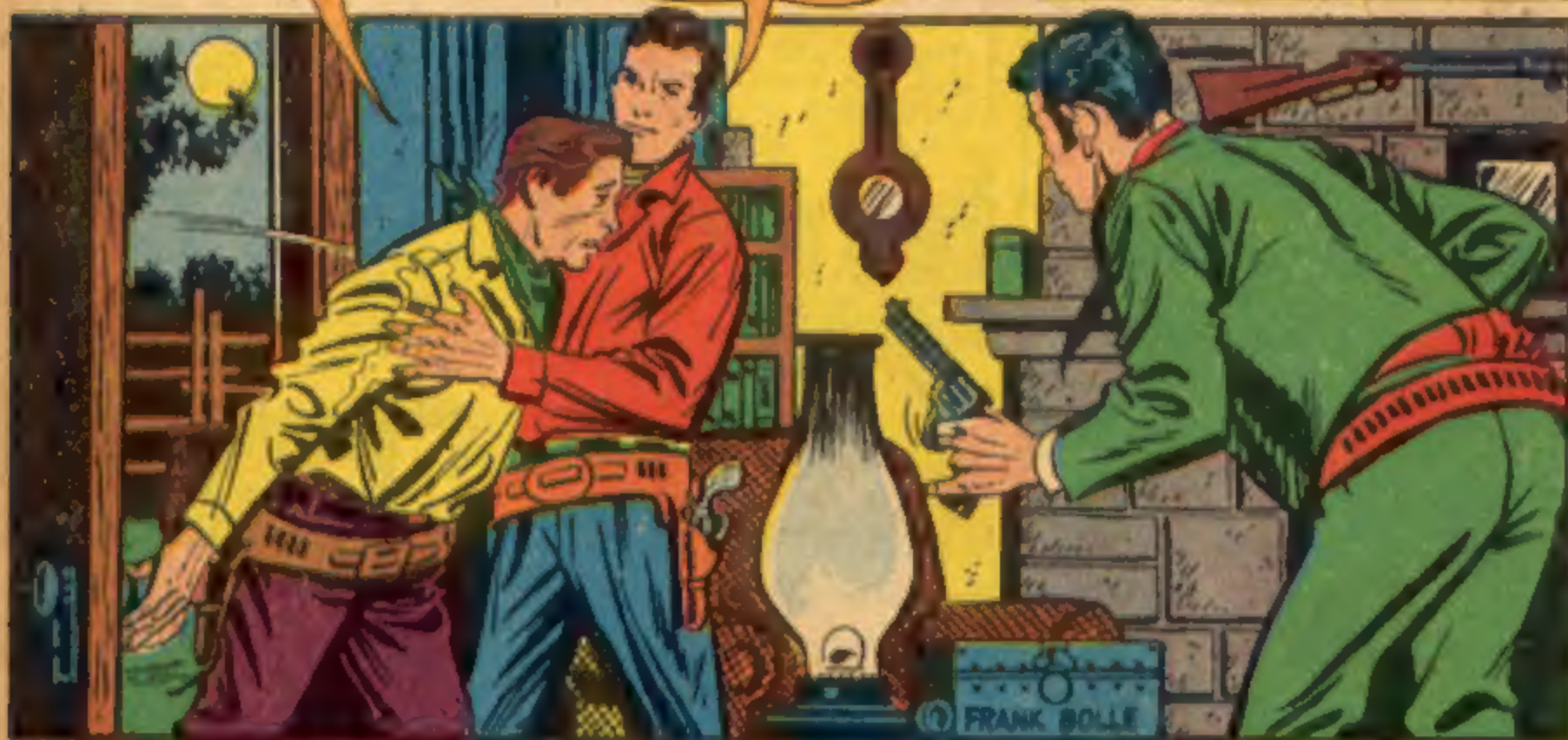


Tim drives a tractor that was given as a prize to a 4-H Club winner. Tim is a member of the Advisory Board of the 4-H Clubs of America.

TO ANSWER THAT CALL,  
TIM HOLT PUTS ASIDE  
HIS GUNS AND SADDLE,  
ABANDONS HIS NAME,  
AND SETS OUT TO  
BECOME

THIS SPREAD...  
IS IT THE T BAR H?  
I'M LOOKIN' FOR...  
TIM HOLT...

DON'T WASTE STRENGTH  
ON TALK, MISTER! YOU'RE  
WOUNDED! YOU CAN SPEAK  
YOUR PIECE AFTER  
YOU'VE RESTED!



NO TIME... FOR THAT! GOT TO SPEAK... AT  
ONCE! TELL TIM... NO TIME TO LOSE! I'VE  
COME ALL THE WAY FROM UTAH! A VALLEY  
UP THERE... SKY GAP... OWNED AND RUN  
BY... KILLERS!



TIM'S PAL... GREG BEVAN...  
IS FACIN' THE KILLERS ALONE...  
HIS MEN SHOT DOWN... HIS CATTLE  
RUSTLED... NO LAW THERE...  
ALL DEAD! I OHNNHH!

**CHITO!  
HE'S  
PASSED  
OUT!**



# TIM HOLT

ALL NIGHT LONG, AS TIM AND THE DOCTOR STAND OVER THE FEVERED STRANGER...

THE CRISIS WILL COME SOON, TIM. I'D SAY, JUST ABOUT DAWN!

HE RODE FIVE HUNDRED MILES TO FIND ME. I CAN'T LET HIM DIE, DOCTOR!

AT DAWN, THE FEVER HAS BROKEN, AND A WEAK BUT CLEAR-EYED MAN SPEAKS SWIFTLY TO THE WORRIED TIM...

GREG SAID TO WARN YUH NOT TO BE FOOLISH! THESE MEN ARE TOUGHENED OUTLAWS. THEY DON'T LET NEWCOMERS INTO THE VALLEY. INSTEAD, THEY **SHOOT** 'EM!

HMMM....

RIDE UP THERE WITH AN OUTFIT? NO, CHITO, I'M GOING IN ALONE AND WITHOUT GUNS!

HA! HA! EES SOMETHING THE MATTER WEETH MY EARS? I THEENK YOU SAY YOU ARE TO BE GOING UP THERE **WEETHOUT YOUR GUNS?**

THAT'S JUST WHAT I DID SAY, CHITO! I'M EVEN GOING TO LEAVE LIGHTNING BEHIND.

AY DI MI!

DAYS LATER, A MILD-FACED TENDERFOOT IN "BOUGHTEN" CLOTHES SITS GENTLY IN A CORNER OF THE SWAYING SKY GAP COACH...

IF I TOOK A LOT OF MEN, THERE'D BE BLOODSHED. I'VE A HUNCH ONE MAN WHO SEEMS HARMLESS CAN DO MORE TO BRING BACK THE LAW THAN TWENTY RIFLES COULD...

WILD YELL SPLITS THE AIR! A COLT BARKS ONCE, TWICE! A WHITE-FACED DRIVER DRAGS BACK ON HIS REINS...

I'M STOPPIN'!

EVERYBODY OUT... FOR INSPECTION! EVERYBODY OUT!

WITH STRAIGHT FACE, BUT BURNING INSIDE WITH INDIGNATION, TIM PRETENDS TO BE WHAT HE LOOKS... A FRIGHTENED EASTERNER!

HEY, YOU! TENDERFOOT! WHAT'S YORE BUSINESS IN SKY GAP?

IF YOU DON'T MIND, SIR, I'M TRAVELING THERE FOR MY HEALTH, ON DOCTOR'S ORDERS!

# TIM HOLT



# TIM HOLT



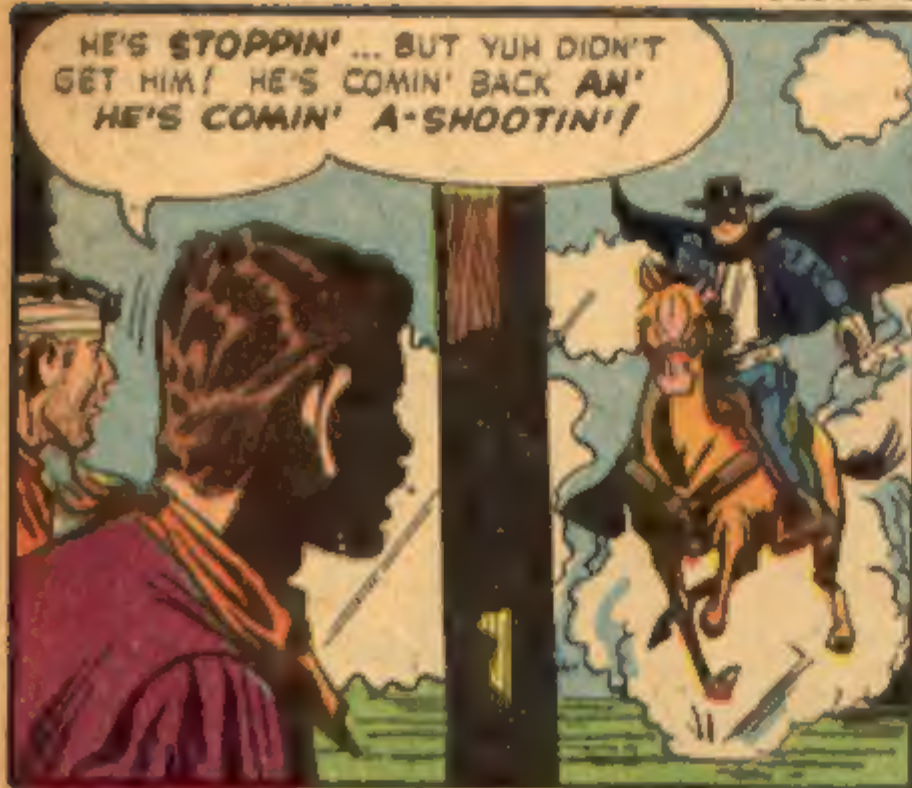
# TIM HOLT



# TIM HOLT



# TIM HOLT



WITH A CRASH, THE STOVE TOPPLES OVER! A FLOOD OF BLAZING WOOD AND GLOWING COALS SPREAD IN A WIDE CIRCLE ON THE DRY FLOOR ...

FIRE! FIRE!

THE SUN-BAKED WOODEN FRAME RANCHHOUSE, DRY AS MOUNTAIN AIR, BURSTS INTO FLAMES. WITHOUT WATER, THE OUTLAWS STAND HELPLESSLY BY...

SOMEBODY IS GONNA PAY FOR THIS! WE'LL MAKE THOSE TOWN-FOLK CRAWL!

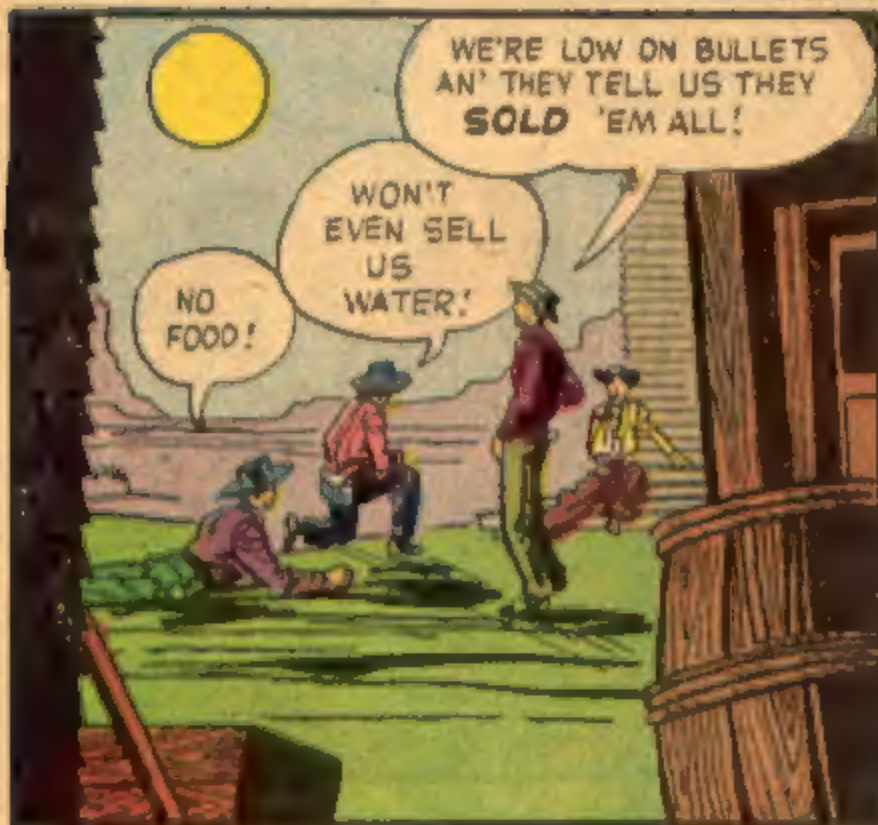
SMOKE-SCORCHED AND WEARY, THE DELTA-ON-A-ROCK BUNCH ENTER SKY GAP AFTER A FIFTY-MILE WALK UNDER A BLAZING UTAH SUN...

THESE HIGH-HEELED RIDIN' BOOTS SURE AREN'T CUT OUT FOR WALKING! MY FEET ARE ON FIRE!

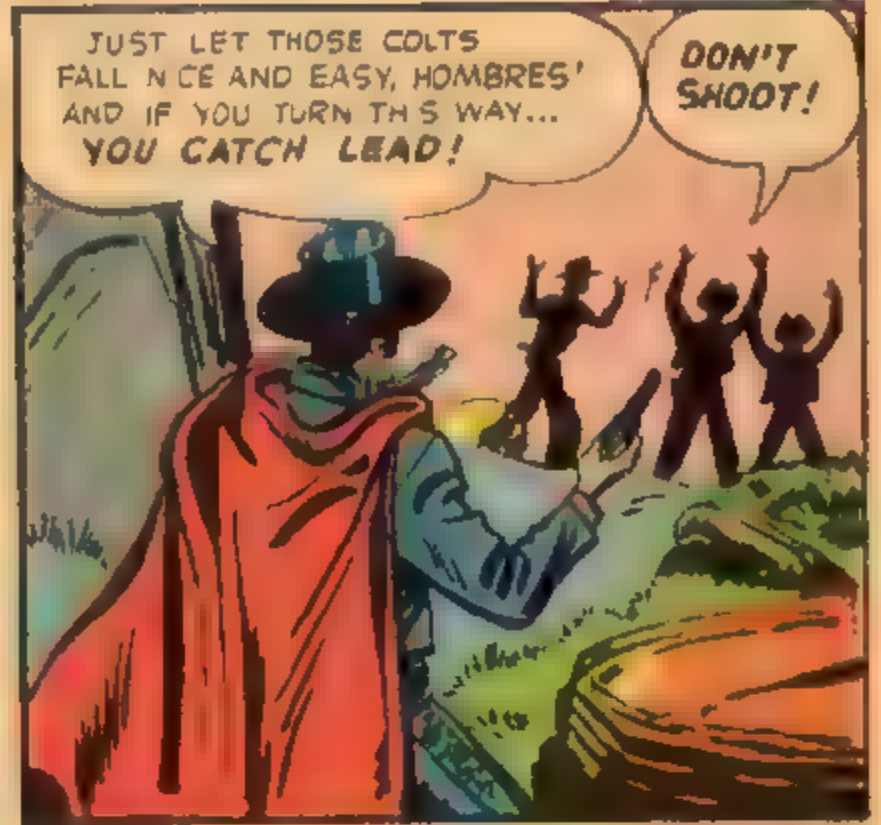
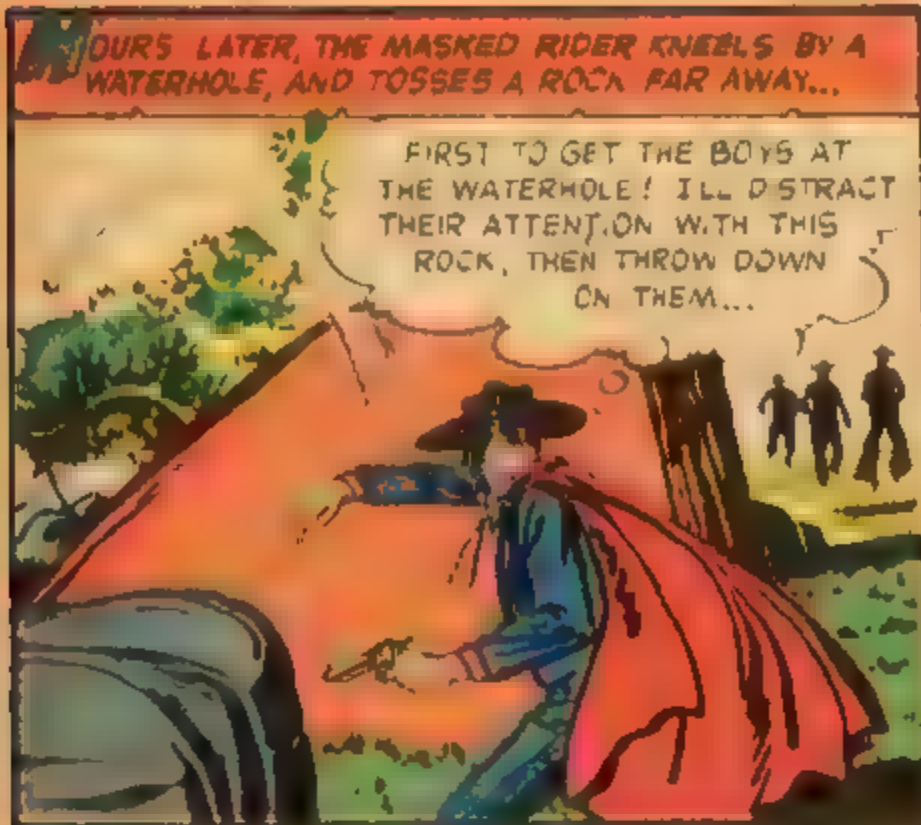
... ONLY TO FIND THAT THE TOWN STORES ARE SEEMINGLY OUT OF FOOD, WATER, AND EVERYTHING BUYABLE!

SORRY, GENTS! FOLKS HAVE BOUGHT ALL MY STOCK! THAT'S THE ANSWER EVERYBODY GIVES US! HEY, WHAT'S GOIN' ON AROUND HERE?

# TIM HOLT

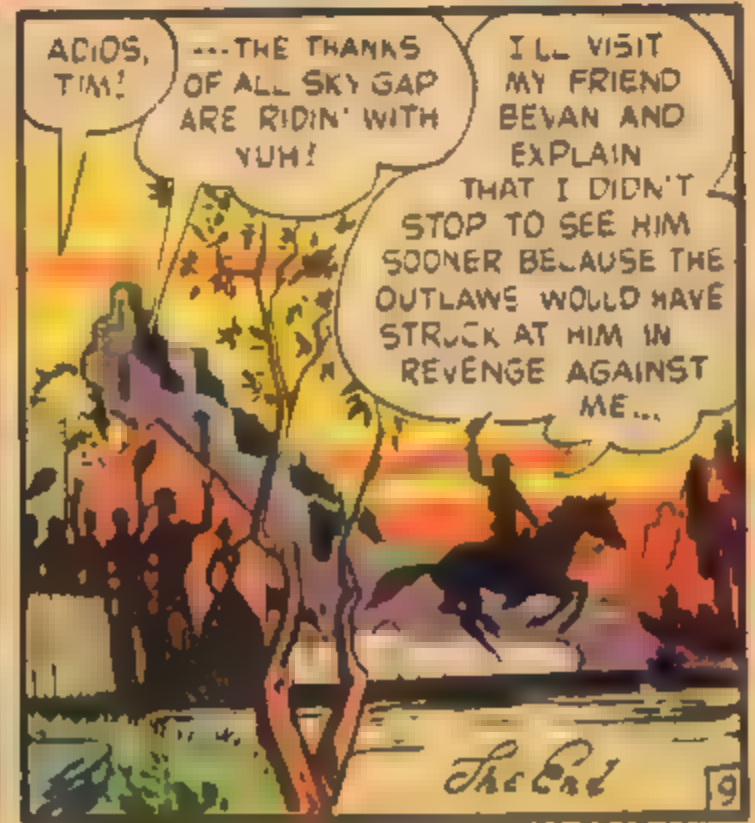
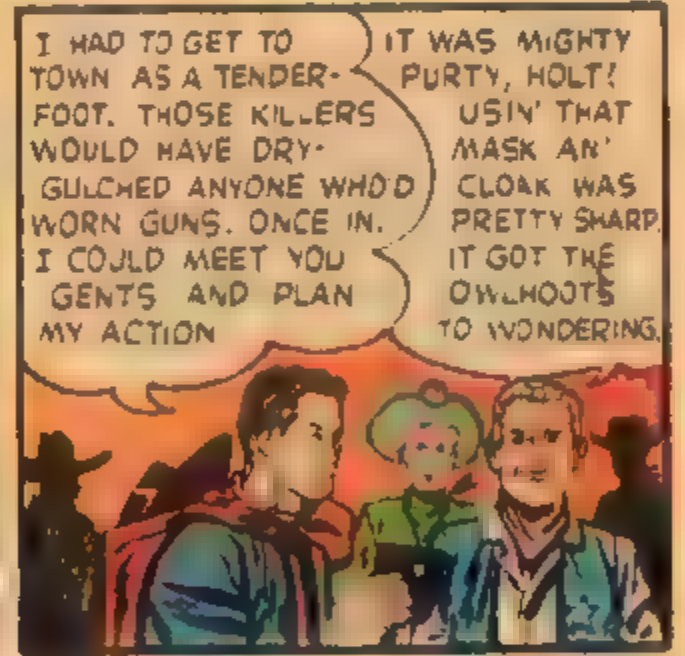


# TIM HOLT



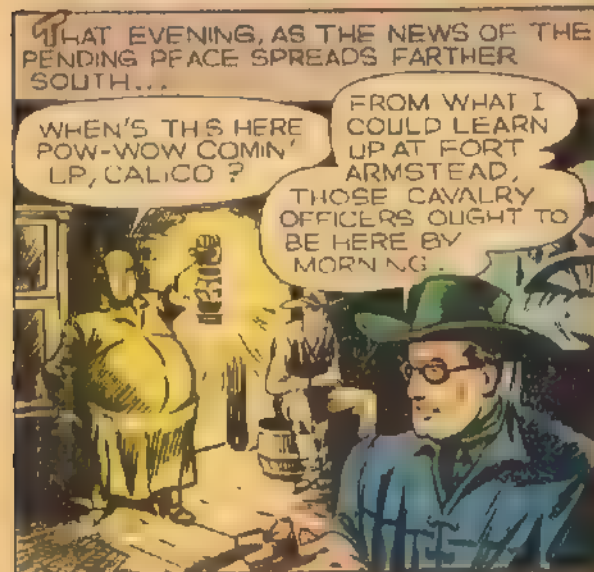
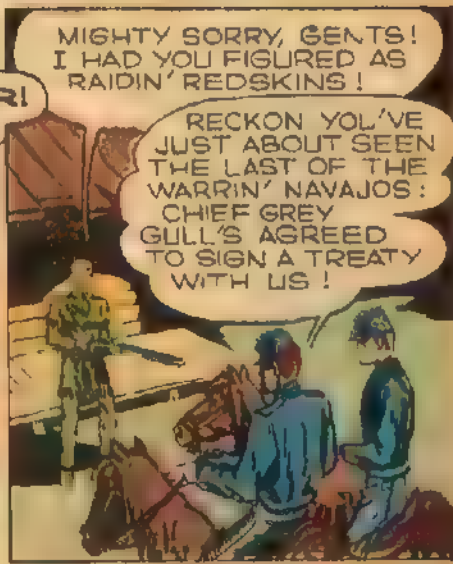
**THROUGHOUT THE LONG AFTERNOON, THE MASKED MAN GATHERED UP THE REST OF THE OUTLAW BUNCH...**

**MUCH LATER, AFTER THE LAST OF THE GANG HAS BEEN PLACED BEHIND JAIL BARS, AND A FEDERAL MARSHAL SUMMONED TO BRING THEM TO THE TERRITORIAL CAPITOL...**



# the CALICO KID

SOMEWHERE SOUTH OF FORT ARMSTEAD, CALIFORNIA, AN ISOLATED FAMILY OF HOMESTEADERS STIFFEN AS THE SOUND OF HOOFEATS SHATTER THE SILENCE OF THE NEIGHBORING HILLS ....



# TIM HOLT

AN HOUR LATER, APPROACHING  
A HILL-HEMMED SHACK....

PUT UP THE  
GUN, YUH OLD  
FOOL, IT'S  
MF!

BACK K'NDA  
EARLY, AIN'T'CHA  
SON? HEIL, WHAT'S  
THE MATTER,  
COULDN'T KETCH  
YOURSELF A  
DANCIN' GIRL  
IN TOWN?

VERY FUNNY,  
PAW! NOW TRY  
LAUGHIN' THIS  
OFF.. THE ARMY'S  
MOVIN' IN  
TOMORROW  
TO MAKE  
PEACE WITH  
TH' NAVAJOS!

WHAT?

THEM NO GOOD  
HEATHENS. WHAT ABOUT  
ALL THESE GUNS I  
FIGURED ON  
SELLIN' 'EM?

RECKON YOU'LL  
JUST HAVE TO  
BEAT 'EM NTA  
PLOWSHARES!

PLOWSHARES, HEY? NOT  
ON YOUR LIFE, YUH WHIMPERING  
WHELP! I'VE WORKED TOO  
HARD TO HAVE THIS RIFLE  
RUNNIN' BUSINESS BUSTED  
UP BY A POW-WOW!

SLAP!

AND A FEW HOURS BEFORE DAWN,  
AS THE SOLDIERS NEAR SAN CANYON..

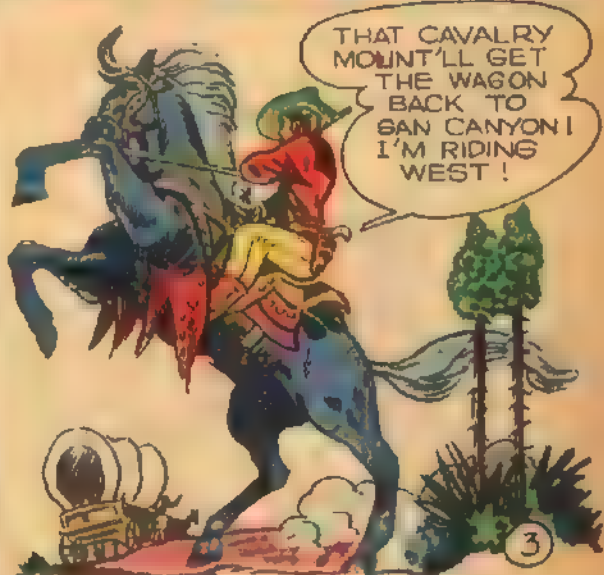
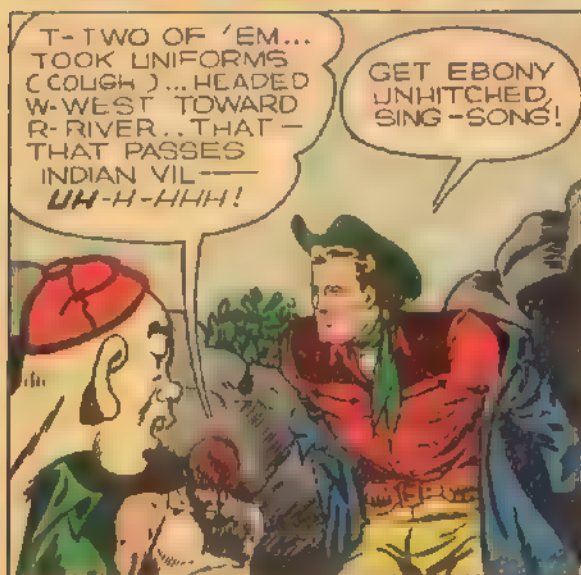
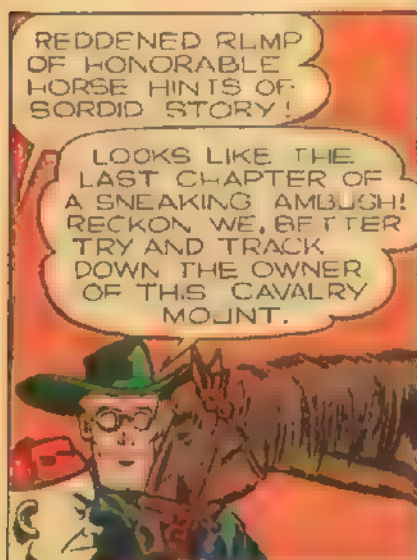
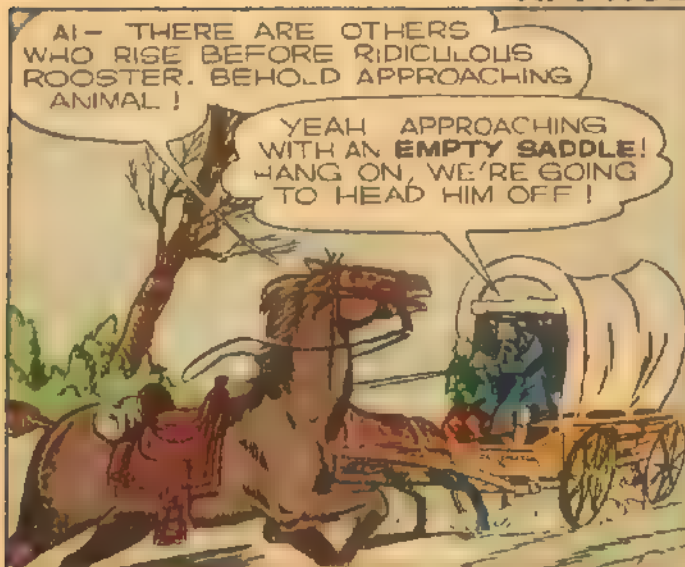
BANG!  
BANG!

LATER, AS THE CALICO WAGON STARTS  
NORTH ON ITS APPOINTED ROUNDS...

PLEASE FORGIVE  
UNMANNERED YAWN!  
HORRIBLE HOUR, NOT  
ESTEEMED COMPANY  
IS CAUSE OF SAME!

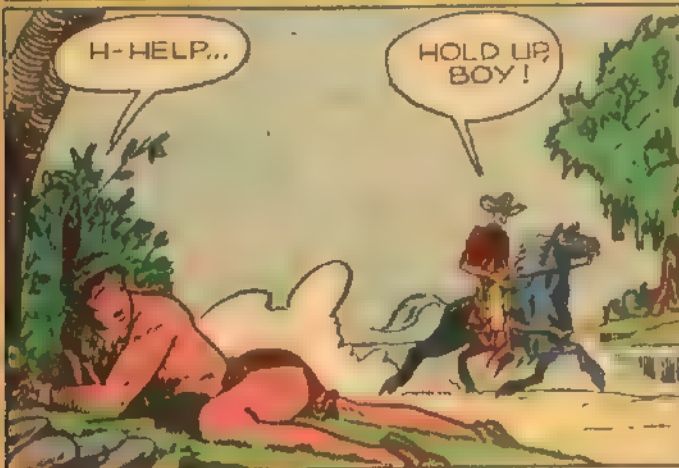
SORRY, PAL,  
BUT WE'VE A  
LOT OF GROUND  
TO COVER TODAY  
AND... OH OH,  
LOOK UP AHEAD  
THERE, SING-  
SON!

# TIM HOLT



# TIM HOLT

NEARING THE RIVER, CALICO FINDS FURTHER EVIDENCE OF THE MURDERER'S WANTON RAMPAGE ....



EASY NOW, SON! LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN DO ABOUT THAT LEG!

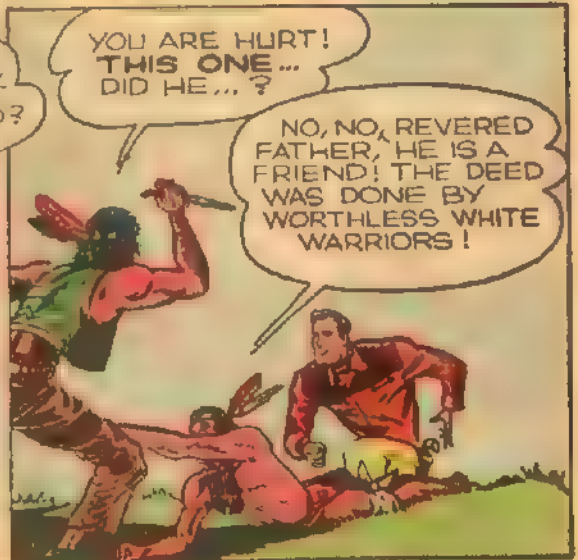


BUSILY ENGAGED IN BANDAGING THE WOUNDED BOY, THE CALICO KID AT FIRST FAILS TO HEAR THE SOFT TREAD OF MOC-CASINED FEET...



LITTLE BEAR, MY SON, WHAT HAS HAPPENED?

YOU ARE HURT! THIS ONE ... DID HE ... ?



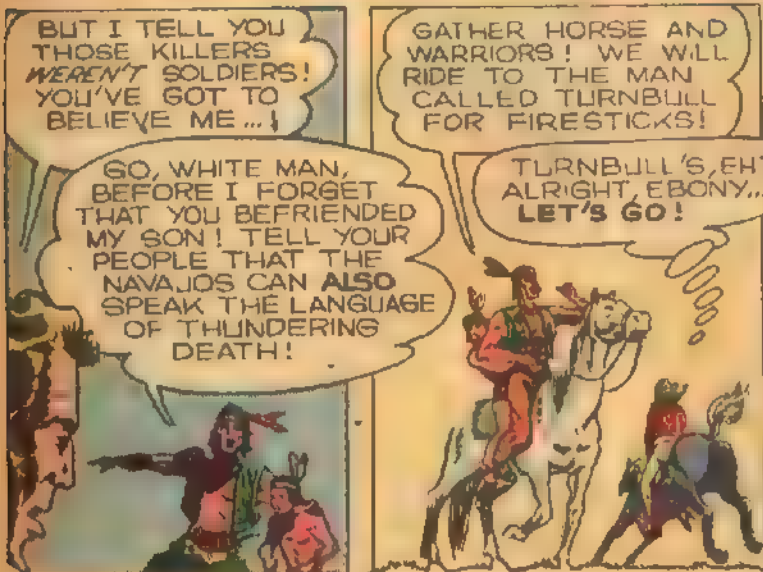
BUT I TELL YOU THOSE KILLERS WEREN'T SOLDIERS! YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME ... !

GATHER HORSE AND WARRIORS! WE WILL RIDE TO THE MAN CALLED TURNBULL FOR FIRESTICKS!

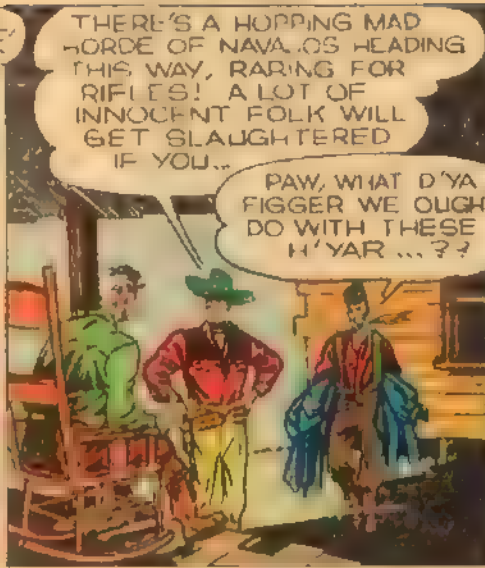
RECKON MY CHANCES OF TALKING THAT GUN-RUNNING RENEGADE OUT OF ARMING THOSE NAVAJOS ARE PRETTY SLIM! BUT I'VE GOT TO TRY ... I'VE GOT TO !!

GO, WHITE MAN, BEFORE I FORGET THAT YOU BEFRIENDED MY SON! TELL YOUR PEOPLE THAT THE NAVAJOS CAN ALSO SPEAK THE LANGUAGE OF THUNDERING DEATH!

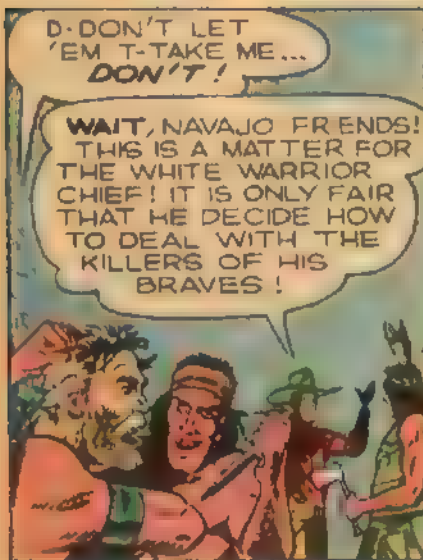
TURNBULL'S, EH? ALRIGHT, EBONY ... LET'S GO!



# TIM HOLT



# TIM HOLT



MINUTES LATER, A MIGHTY MUNITIONS EXPLOSION ROCKS THE TURNBULL SHACK...



TIM HOLT

# TIM HOLT

A TWO-HUNDRED-YEAR-OLD VASE AND A SERIES OF ODD ACCIDENTS AT THE HORSE-SHOE SILVER MINES COMBINE TO PRODUCE A QUEER PUZZLE NOT FAR FROM TIM'S HOME RANGE. AND WHEN TIM AND HIS PRAIRIE PARTNER, CHITO, RIDE INTO A BLASTING SHOCK OF BLAZING GUNS AND EXPLODING DYNAMITE, THEY FIND THEMSELVES CONFRONTED WITH THE MYSTERY OF — — —

*The Mine Menace!*



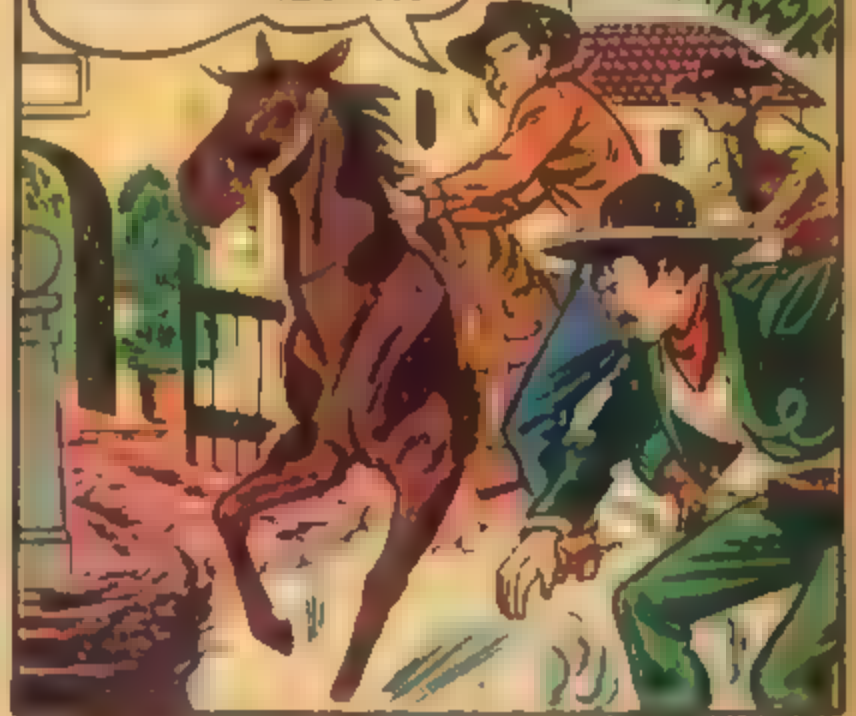
A MILE ABOVE THE LARGE HACIENDA OF SPANISH GRANDEE DON ESTEBAN DE MIRANZA, FIVE MEN SPUR AT FULL GALLOP DOWN THE STEEP SLOPE OF AN ARROYO — — —

WE WILL HIT AND RUN. WASTE NO TIME FIGHTING — IF WE CAN AVOID IT!

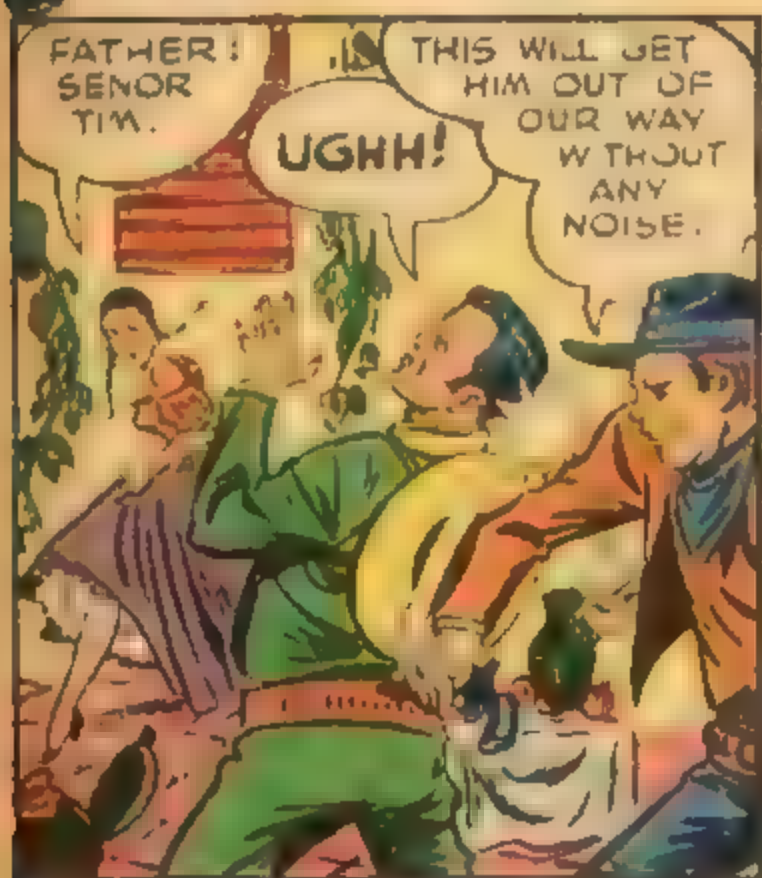
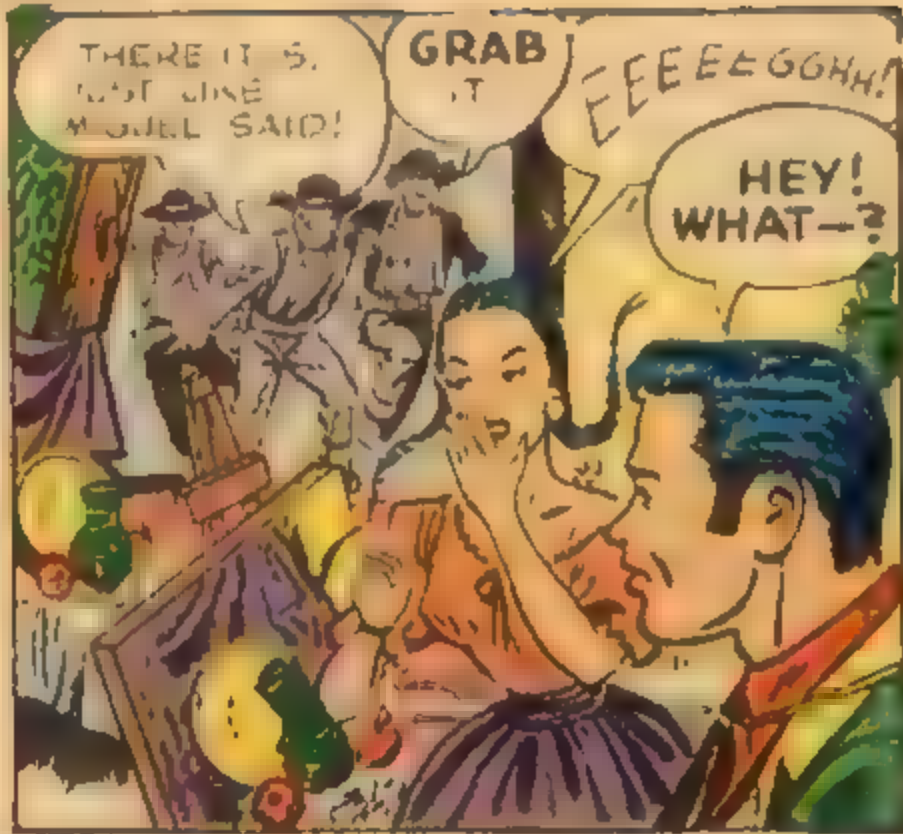
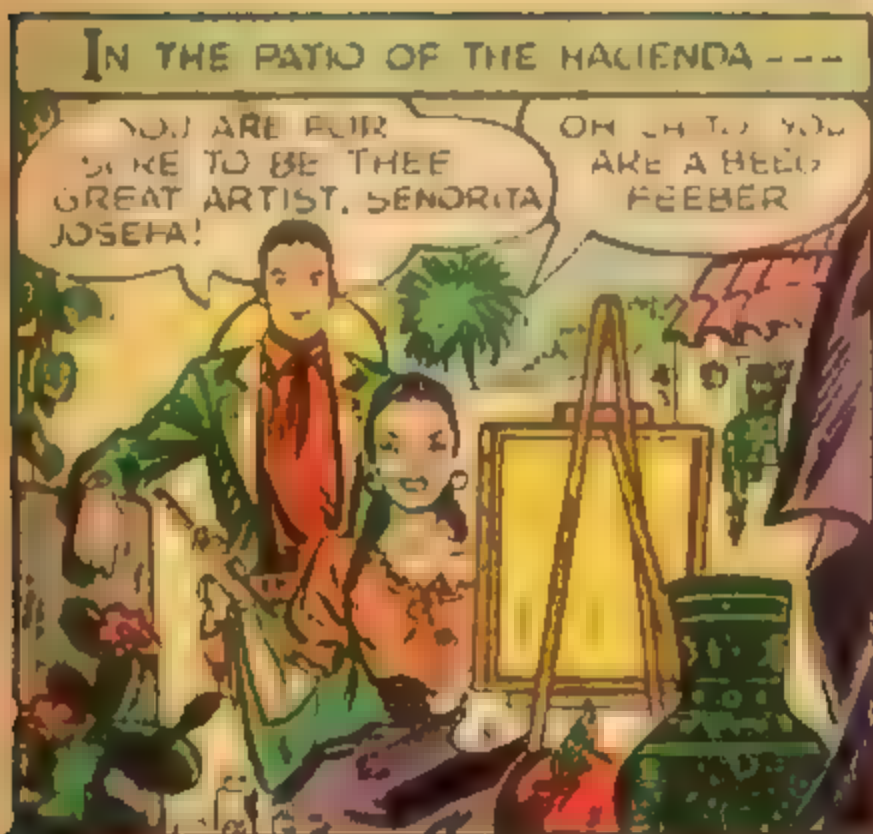
YEAH! WE GOT TO GET THAT VASE!



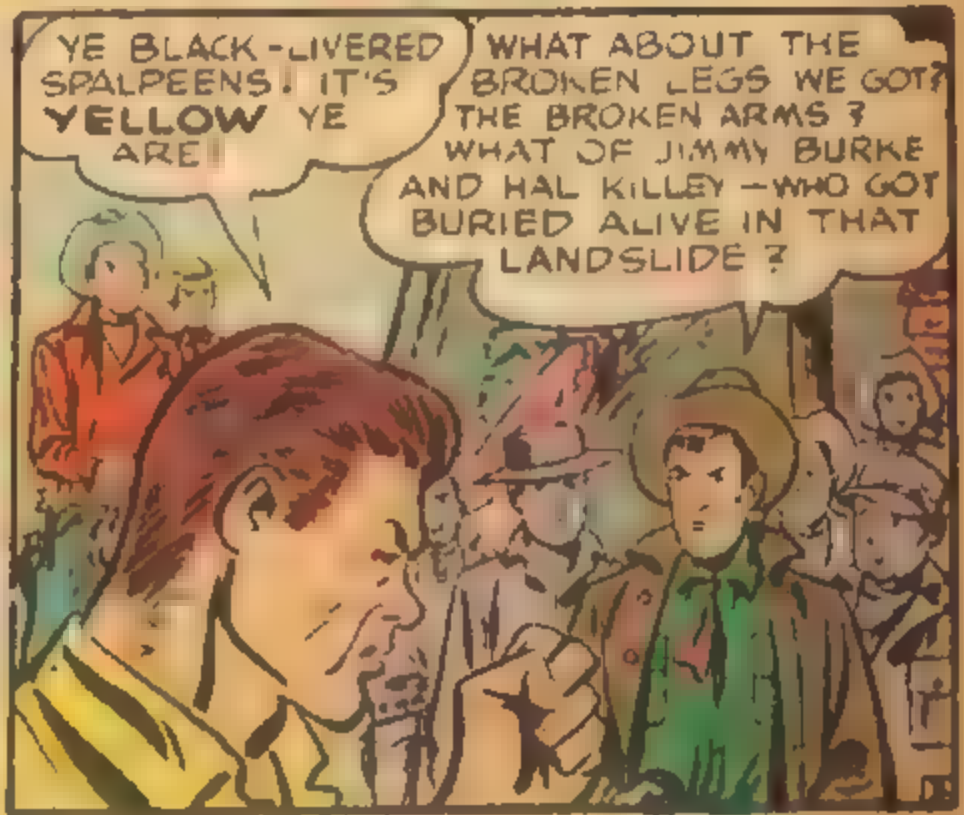
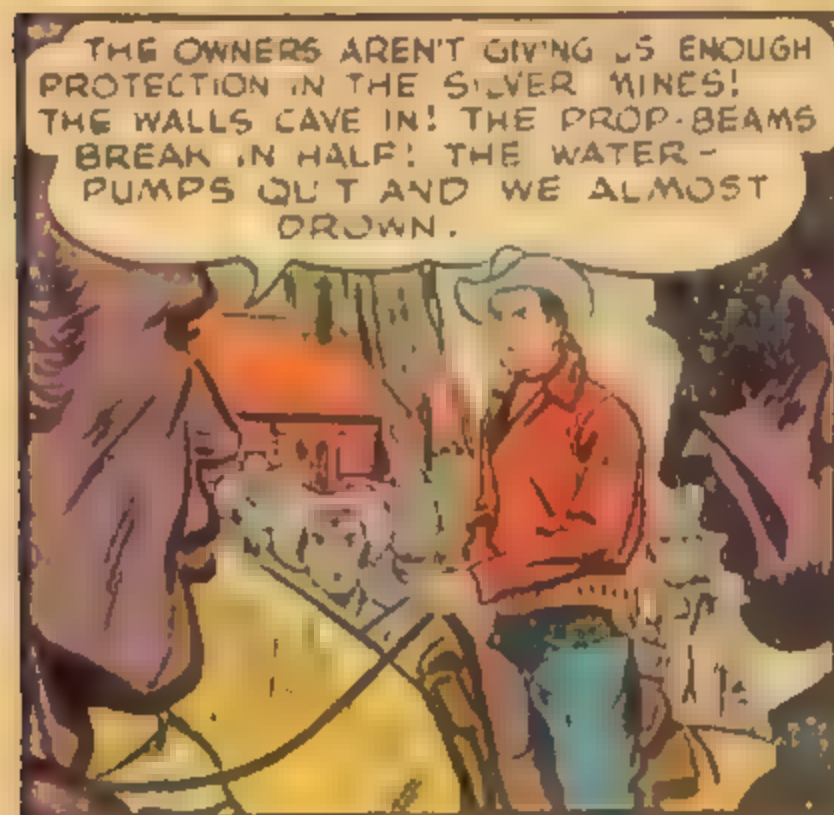
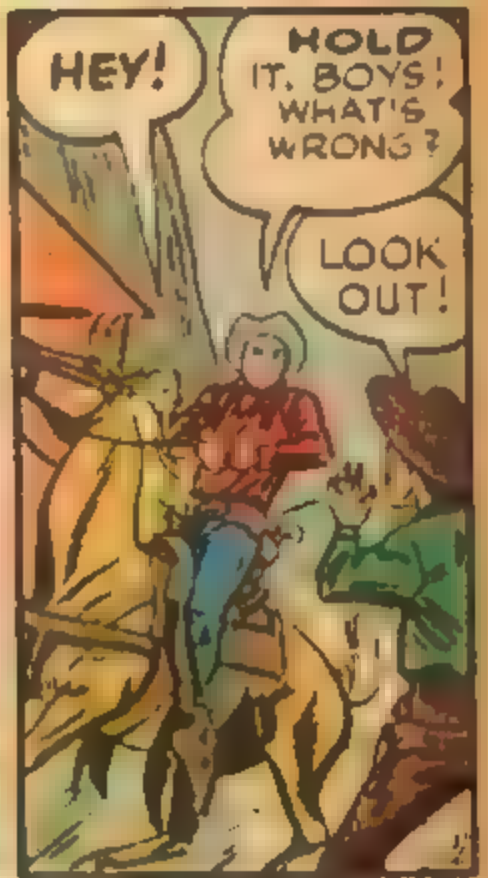
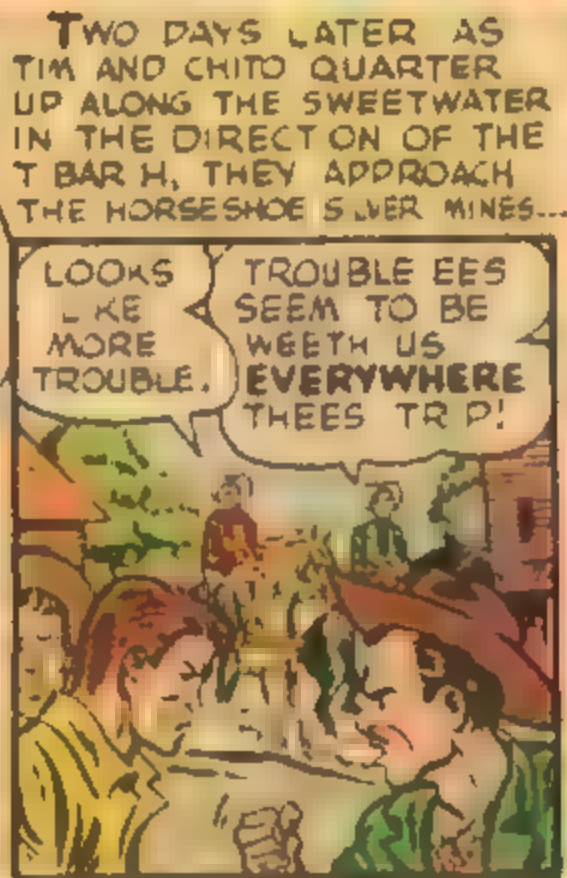
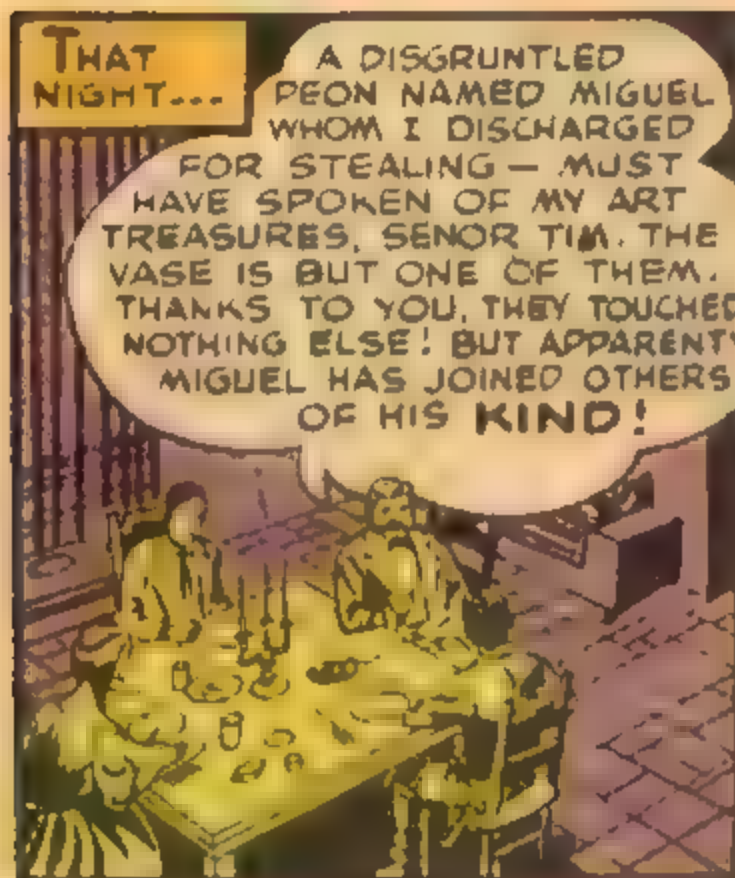
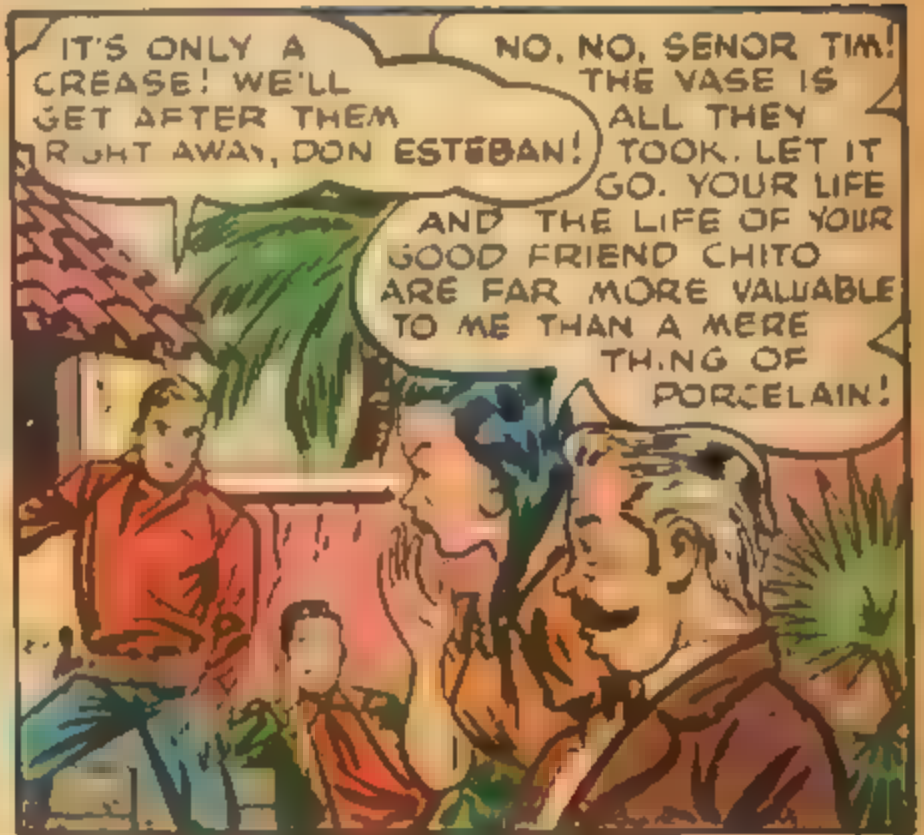
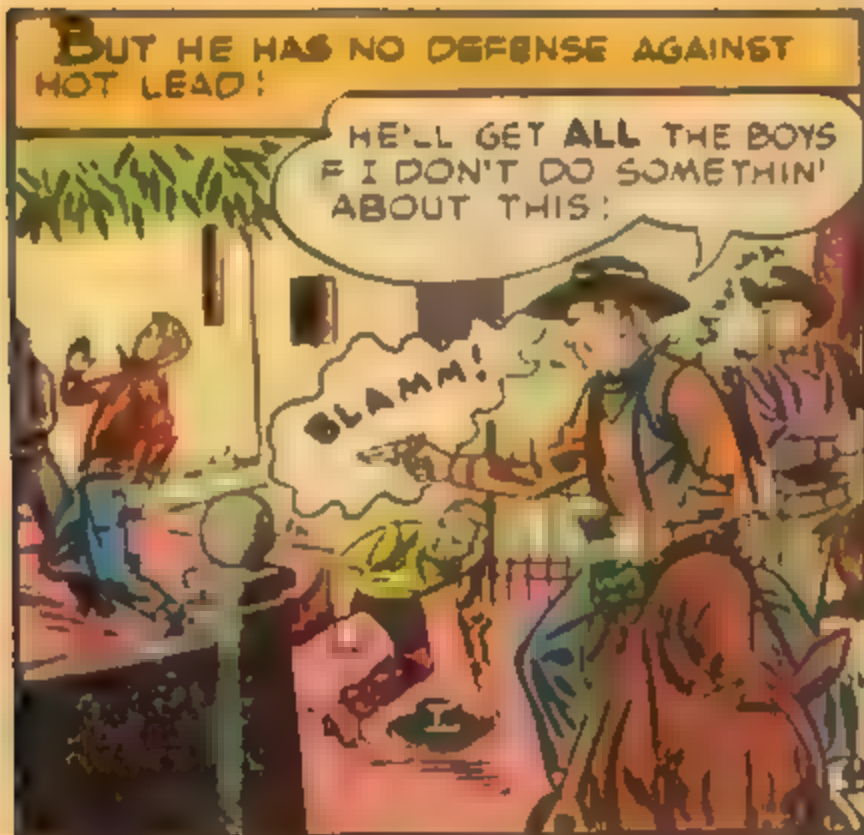
REMEMBER — THE VASE...!



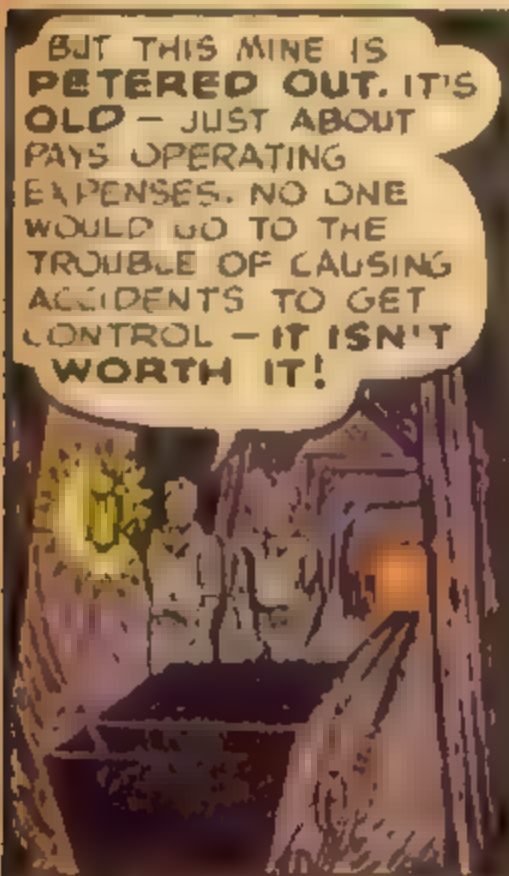
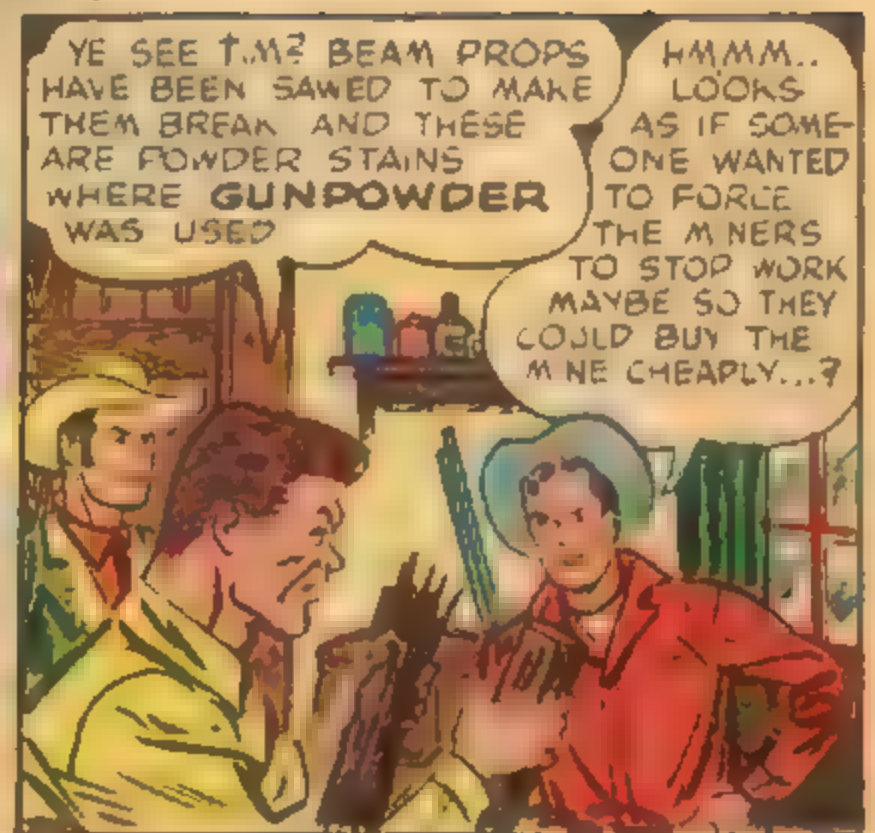
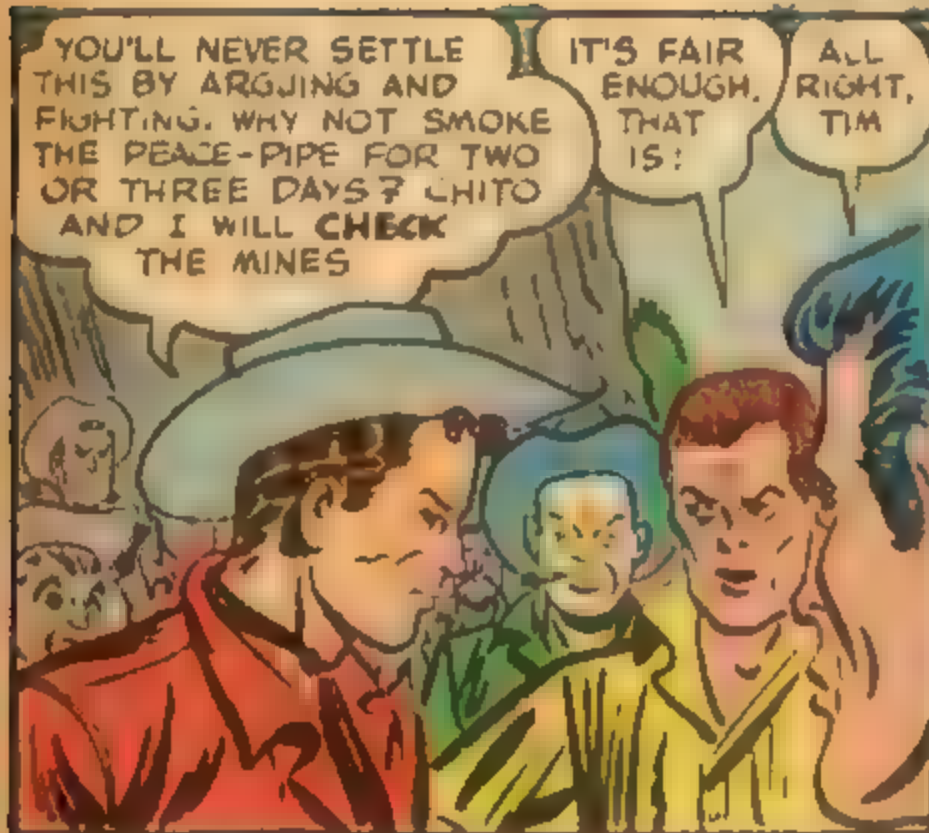
# TIM HOLT



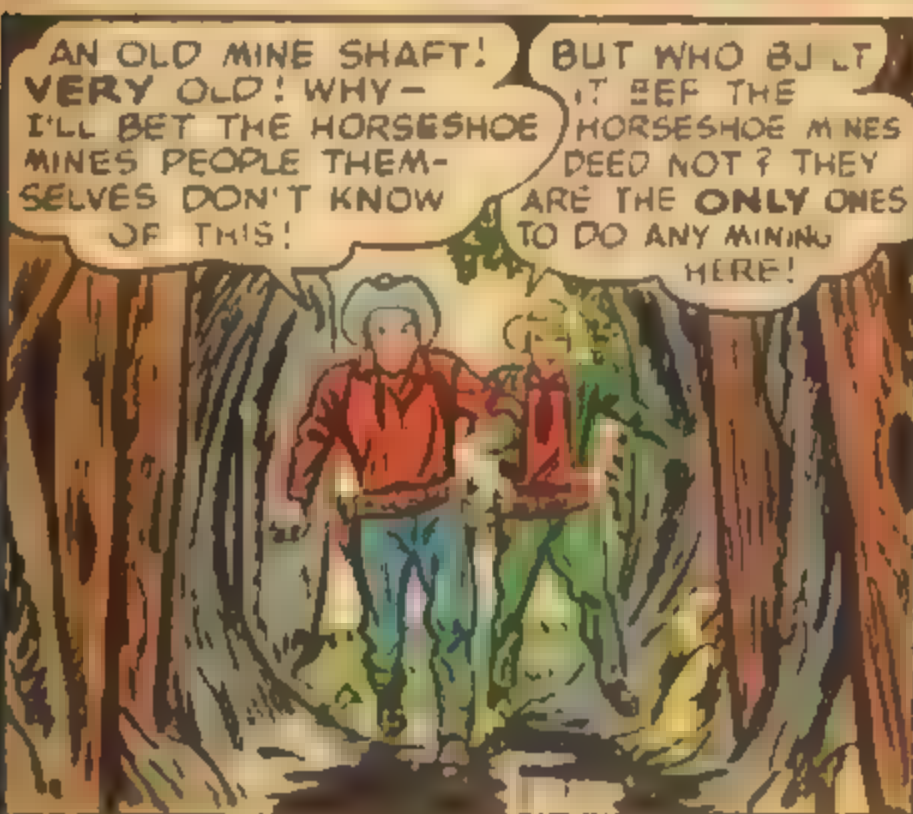
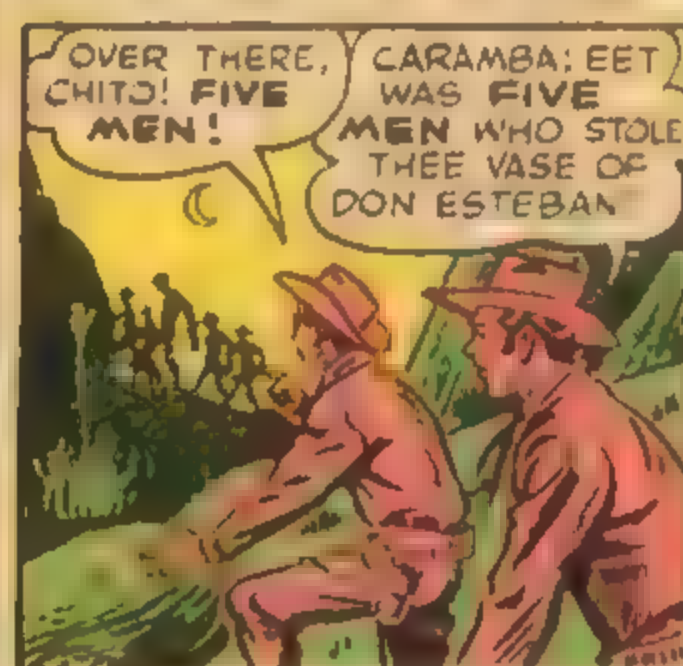
# TIM HOLT



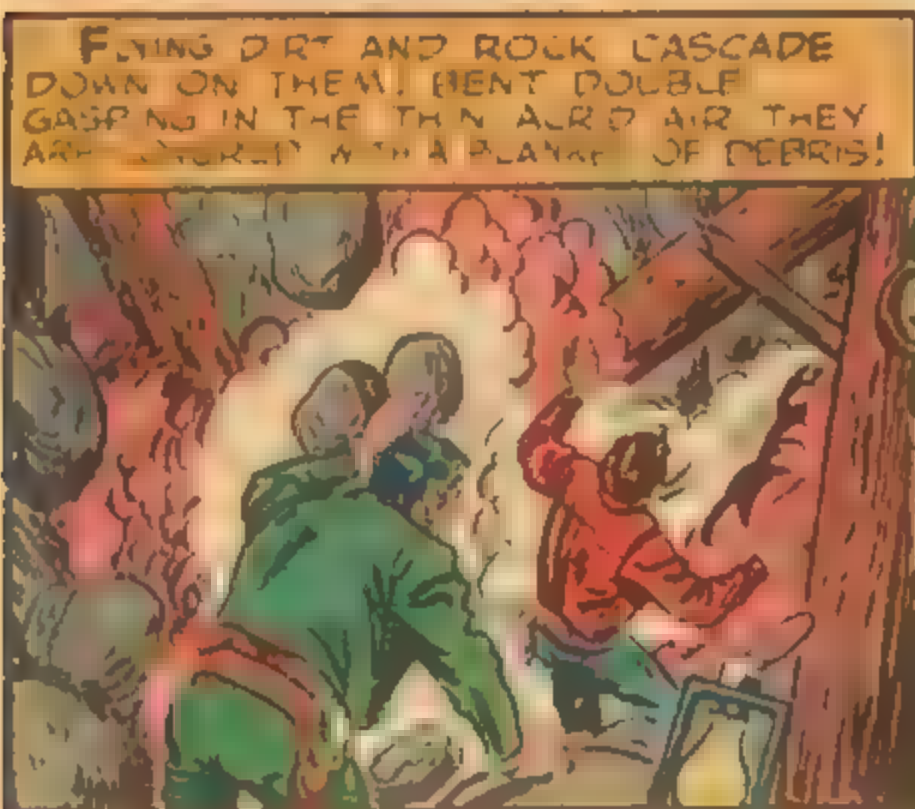
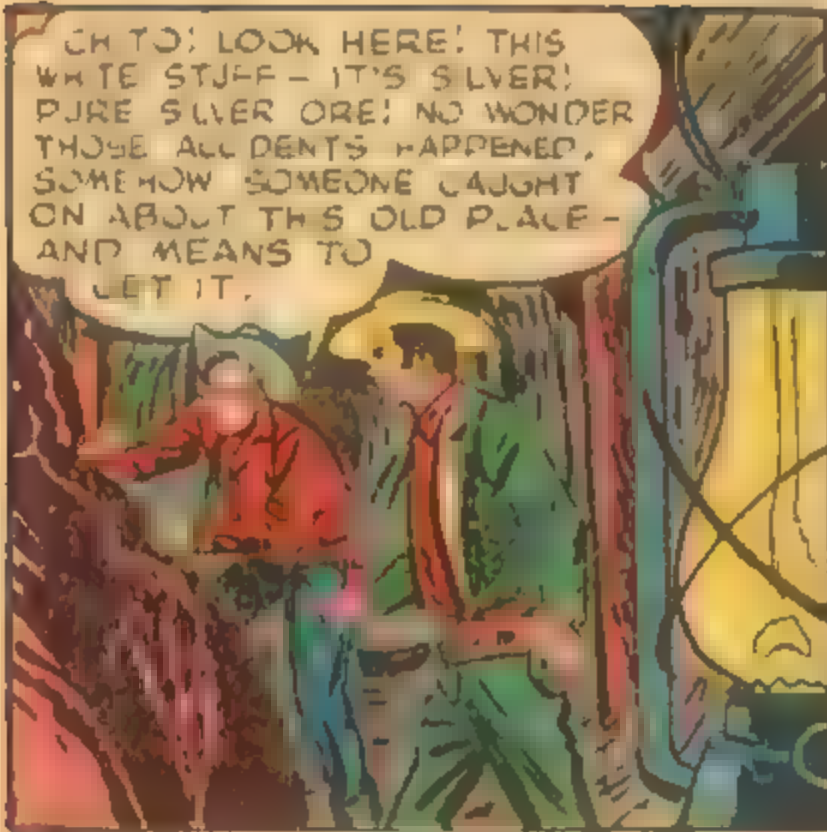
# TIM HOLT



FOR A NIGHT AND A DAY TIM AND CHITO HIDE IN THE MESQUITE AND THE MALPAIS WITHOUT SUCCESS. AND THEN, ON THE SECOND NIGHT, AN HOUR AFTER MOONRISE---



# TIM HOLT



# TIM HOLT

DIGGING AND CLAWING AT THE LOOSE EARTH AND ROCK WITH THEIR FINGERS THE SWEAT POURING FROM THEM, TIM AND CHITO BATTLE FOR THEIR LIVES IN THE SEALED MINE TUNNEL — — —

KEEP MOVING, CHITO! IF YOU STOP TO REST, YOUR MUSCLES WILL TIGHTEN UP..

I WEEL KEEP WORKING!

MY FEENGERS, SHE ARE BLEEDING, T M!

SO ARE M NE - BUT IT'S BETTER TO HAVE SORE FINGERS THAN NOT TO BE ABLE TO FEEL THEM AT ALL!

WE MADE IT

CARAMBA! I AM FOR TO BE ACHE ALL OVER..

HERE ARE THEIR TRACKS, CH TO! WE CAN FOLLOW THEM.

STAND STILL, YOU ONRULY ANIMULE!

LET'S GO, CHITO!

SOME MILES AHEAD, IN THE MINING TOWN OF HANGMAN GULCH, IN A SMALL REAL ESTATE OFFICE...

MY CLIENTS WILL BE HERE IMMEDIATELY TO SIGN THE DEED. IN THE MEANTIME, I'LL READ IT TO YOU.

FINE, FINE! I'M ANXIOUS TO GET THAT HORSESHOE MINE, SO GET AHEAD.

AH - HERE THEY ARE NOW. THEY'LL SIGN THE DEEDS, AND THE MINE WILL BE YOURS!!

GIVE ME THE PEN. I'LL SIGN AT ONCE. I WANT TO LEAVE TOWN ON THE MIDDAY STAGE.

# TIM HOLT

HOLD IT! DON'T ANYONE MAKE A MOVE! THAT HORSESHOE MINE IS WORTH A FORTUNE — AND BALDY KNOWS IT WELL ENOUGH!

WHA — WHAT'S THAT?

A VASE WAS STOLEN FROM DON ESTEBAN'S HACIENDA. IMMEDIATELY THE MEN WHO STOLE IT WERE ABLE TO GO TO A LOST SILVER MINE NEAR THE HORSESHOE MINE'S DIGGINGS... BUT BEFORE THAT, KNOWING THERE WAS A SILVER MINE BUT NOT KNOWING ITS LOCATION, THESE MEN CAUSED ACCIDENTS AND DISASTERS AT THE MINE TO FRIGHTEN THE MINERS INTO QUITTING!

GET HIM! HE DOESN'T DARE SHOOT IN HERE FOR FEAR OF HITTING THE LAWYER AND THE MINE OWNERS!

WE'LL GET HIM, ALL RIGHT!

AND WE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO WHEN WE DO!

BURIED UNDER FIVE MEN, TIM GOES BACKWARD INTO THE STREET, AS A GUN IS PRESSED AGAINST HIS MIDDLE IN THE SAVAGE CONFLICT...

DIDN'T WANT TO SHOOT IN THE OFFICE AND NOW I CAN'T SHOOT OUT HERE!

THEN, LED BY CHITO, WHOOPING MINERS FALL ON THE FIVE GUNMEN — — —!

SO YOU'RE THE GUYS WHO BROKE MY ARM!

—AND JIMMY'S LEGS!

I BROUGHT THEM AS YOU SAID, TIM — AND JUST IN TIME!

BLAMMM!

LATER, AFTER THE GUNMEN AND THEIR RINGLEADER HAVE BEEN TAKEN OFF TO JAIL — — —

WE CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH, TIM. WE'RE GOING TO KEEP THE MINES, BUT WE'RE GOING TO MAKE THEM MODEL MINES! ALL THE BEST SAFETY EQUIPMENT THAT CAN BE FOUND WILL BE USED IN THE SHAFTS AND TUNNELS.

GOOD! THEN I'LL RETURN THIS VASE TO DON ESTEBAN. HE KNEW OF THE MAP, BUT NEVER CONNECTED IT WITH THIS LOCALITY!

THE END

TIM HOLT

# Ride in the Sun

by Gardner F. Fox



**T**HE WAR ARROW quivered in the tree trunk, humming shrilly. The shrill Kiowa war-whoop ululated in the cool morning air. Half a mile away, a red shadow slipped over the farther side of a paint pony and galloped to safety, yowling his taunts.

Lieutenant Rex Gordon of the 7th Cavalry, U. S. Army, turned a haggard face to his chief scout, the Pawnee sub-chief, Little Egg. He croaked with a dry tongue, "We must have help, Little Egg. We've no water, and not much ammunition. Three of our detail are dead, and only that medical orderly is unwounded! What are we going to do?"

The Pawnee's bronzed face never changed expression as he said, "Send orderly to Fort Riley. Let him take horse and run."

"But he's the only man with us without experience! Why, he hasn't been at the Fort long enough to get tanned!"

"Better that way. Him little, not weigh much on horse. Him no good shoot. We need men who shoot good *here*!"

Lieutenant Gordon grunted, and crawled along the bottom of the shallow sink toward a white faced medical orderly who was bending over a wounded cavalryman, bandaging his arm. The orderly turned a startled face as the lieutenant touched his shoulder. Absently, he thrust the roll of white medical tape into his uniform pocket.

"Gil, we'll never last two days, with all those Kiowas around us," Gordon said.

Medical orderly Gilbert Callen nodded. He wet his lips with his tongue. "I know. I've been thinking about it."

"Do you think you could get to Fort Riley on a horse? If you do, bring word to Colonel Bennett where we are!"

"I'll try. I'll slip away after dark."

"If they catch you, you know what might happen!"

Medical orderly Callen shuddered. He had seen soldiers on whom the Kiowas had worked their tortures. But he lifted his chin, and

there was a brief, hard light in his eyes. He said slowly, "I'm studying to be a doctor, lieutenant. If I can save lives by running for help, I'll run!"

"Good boy!" smiled Gordon. "Leave everything here but your clothes. Don't even take a weapon."

Callen grinned weakly. "That's all right with me. I couldn't hit a barndoor with a gun, anyhow!"

Callen glanced at the sky. The sun was red. It would be dark in a few hours. Until then, he could keep busy looking after the wounded men.

When the stars were glittering in the black bowl of the heavens, medical orderly Callen mounted a sleek bay mare. Beside him, looking up at him, was Lieutenant Gordon. Gordon whispered, "Tell the colonel we're at Delta Basin. He knows where that is."

Callen nodded. "I'll tell him."

"Good luck, orderly."

"I'll need it!"

And then the bay mare was leaping up the slope of the sink, Callen bent low over his neck, the mane whipping against his face in the breeze that swept in over the sage flats. Callen whispered, "It's up to you boy! You can make it. Easy now!"

There was no moon, and the only sound was the thudding beat of the mare's hooves on the ground. A wild hope leaped inside Callen's chest. *Maybe I can make it!* he thought wildly. *Maybe those redskins won't hear me!* He crouched lower, hands wound in the reins, and then he heard it!

Owwwoooo-ooooooooo!

It sounded like the high, shrill call of a coyote but even medical orderly Callen knew it was no coyote. For the weird cry was answered here and there on the black plains by the calls of other coyotes. Only an Indian could make a sound like that!

He came out of the mesquite clumps at full

## TIM HOLT

gallop. Far to the right he saw the Kiowas bent over their paint ponies, riding bareback, moonlight glinting on the barrels of their rifles. One of the Indians at the right to his smaller and fiercer. Tac was like crack came sharp in the night wind. Instinctively, medical orderly Callen ducked, but the bullet was wide.

To lessen his weight, Callen slipped his jacket off and dropped it. The wind caught at his thin shirt and chilled him. But the bay mare would have a little extra weight to carry.

The Kiowas were separating. A dozen of them, painted with red and yellow and green stripings, were racing after him, and the others were turning their mounts' heads back toward the sick bay. But those dozen were more than enough to catch him. Without a weapon, he had to put all his hope on the slim bay legs of the little mare.

The sun was blistering hot, high in the heavens, as medical orderly Callen shook his empty canteen and threw it away. His shirt had gone the way of his jacket and his canteen at dawn. Naked to the waist, he held the bay mare to a steady pace.

The mare was tired. She had run all night to escape the pursuing Kiowas, and to prevent her from foundering, he had to let her run at a trot for half the morning. Behind him, not so far away but that his blood ran cold when he thought of them, came the Kiowas.

They were shooting now. The bullets skipped and hit in the dust all around him. Callen frowned. One of those bullets might hit him and topple him from the saddle. *If there were some way of taking that message in even if I were dead,* he thought.

He could tangle his hands in the reins and his legs in the stirrups and thus remain on the horse, dead or alive. But he had no way of carrying that message. Hopelessly knowing there was nothing that would help him, he began to feel around in the pockets of his uniform trousers.

His fingers touched the roll of medical tape that he had absent-mindedly shoved into his pocket back at Delta Basin. He took it out and looked at it. The tape caught him and it might not. Still.

Medical orderly Callen grinned. Sure! He *had* a way to carry a message! Why hadn't he thought of this before.

It was while he was thinking that the Kiowa bullet caught him under the left shoulder and knocked him almost over the neck of the mare. Blackness came down out of the sky and settled over his eyes. For one brief, pain-wracked moment, fingers tangled in the mare's mane, he hung on, grimly ripping tiny

strips of medical tape from the roll in his almost nerveless left hand. . .

\* \* \*

He swam up out of the blackness that was shot with the red flashes of pain. His shoulder was on fire, and his entire back was a mass of agony. He lay on hot white sheets in a cot, face down. By craning his neck, even though the pain made him shudder, he could see the white wall of the sick bay.

A rustle of starched white shirt made him lift his eyes. A pretty nurse was bending toward him, her eyes misty with tears. She whispered, "Does it hurt—very badly?"

"Enough. But never mind me. What about . . ."

"Lieutenant Gordon? He's outside, with the colonel, to see you. Shall I send them in?"

He nodded, his heart thudding wildly. Then he *had* gotten his message through! It was so hard to remember, thinking only of the pain, and the fire on his back and chest and the oncoming Kiowas. He remembered vaguely that he had twisted hands in reins and legs in stirrups and fallen forward over his mount's crest. He must have come through, for he was still alive!

The door opened and closed. He heard voices in the hall, and he shook his head, trying to think. The horse must have carried him to the fort. He had no remembrance of the hands that had eased him from the saddle, of the voices that must have exclaimed at seeing him. Did they wonder about Gordon and the others at Delta Basin? The colonel had no way of talking with him. How, then—?

His thoughts were broken off by the opening door. A sabre clanked as Colonel Bennett came across the floor to stand over him. "Well, orderly? How do you feel? Blisters still bother you?"

"Blisters, sir?"

Lieutenant Gordon was kneeling, his hand going out to Callen's hand, squeezing it. "Thanks, Gil. You got through just in time. We didn't lose a man, thanks to you—and your sunburn!"

"Sunburn?"

"He's forgotten, and no wonder," smiled the colonel. "You must have expected to be wounded or killed, orderly. You used medical tape on your chest, to form a triangle, or *delta*! Since I knew the route your detail was taking, it was obvious that in or near Delta Basin the rest of the men were trapped by the Kiowas! Although the tape came off sometime during your ride, your chest was buster-red, except for the area protected by the tape—which was white and clearly showed a delta!"

The End

# T-H Home Range

THIS IS A MAP OF TIM'S HOME RANGE, INCLUDING THE TOWN OF BULLET AND THE SURROUNDING COUNTRYSIDE  
(SAVE FOR FUTURE REFERENCE AS YOU FOLLOW TIM'S ADVENTURES ON THIS RANGE)



TIM HOLT

# TIM HOLT

**T**HE DEEP BARK OF A COLT IN THE HANDS OF A KILLER MARKS THE OPENING MOVE OF A GANG OF RUTHLESS OUTLAWS!

AS A DEPUTY SHERIFF PLUNGES TOWARD THE STREET GUN OUT TO DEFEND HIMSELF, OTHER SIXGUNS JOIN THE MURDER!

**A**ND WHEN DEPUTY AFTER DEPUTY PAYS WITH HIS LIFE FOR HIS DEVOTION TO DUTY, ONLY TIM HOLT WILL STEP FORWARD INTO THAT SPOT

MARKED BY DEATH AND AGREE TO BECOME ONE MORE

## SIXGUN SHERIFF!



**F**ROM BEHIND BARREL AND WAGONWHEEL HARD-EYED MEN POUR A RUSILLADE OF LEAD INTO A VILLAGE STREET



THEY GOT EDDIE!

EES DRTIEST MURDER I EVER SEE, TIM!

# TIM HOLT



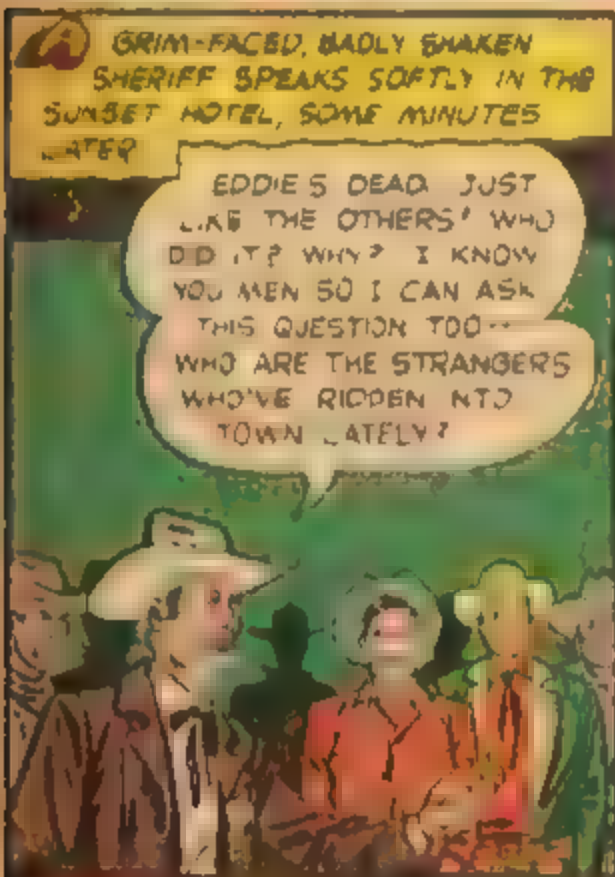
AND WE DIDN'T  
GET A GOOD LOOK  
AT THEM! THEY WERE  
ALL BEHIND COVER!

THEY CAN'T  
GET FAR  
AWAY!



MAYBE THEY COULDN'T  
BUT THEY DID! IAN SHEET  
RIGHT INTO THE GROUND!  
WELL LET'S SEE THE  
SHERIFF EDDIE'S THE  
THIRD DEPUTY TO BE  
DEAD THIS MONTH!

EES BUM JOB  
BEING DEPUTY  
SHERIFF!



GRIM-FACED, BADLY SHAKEN  
SHERIFF SPEAKS SOFTLY IN THE  
SUNSET HOTEL, SOME MINUTES  
LATER

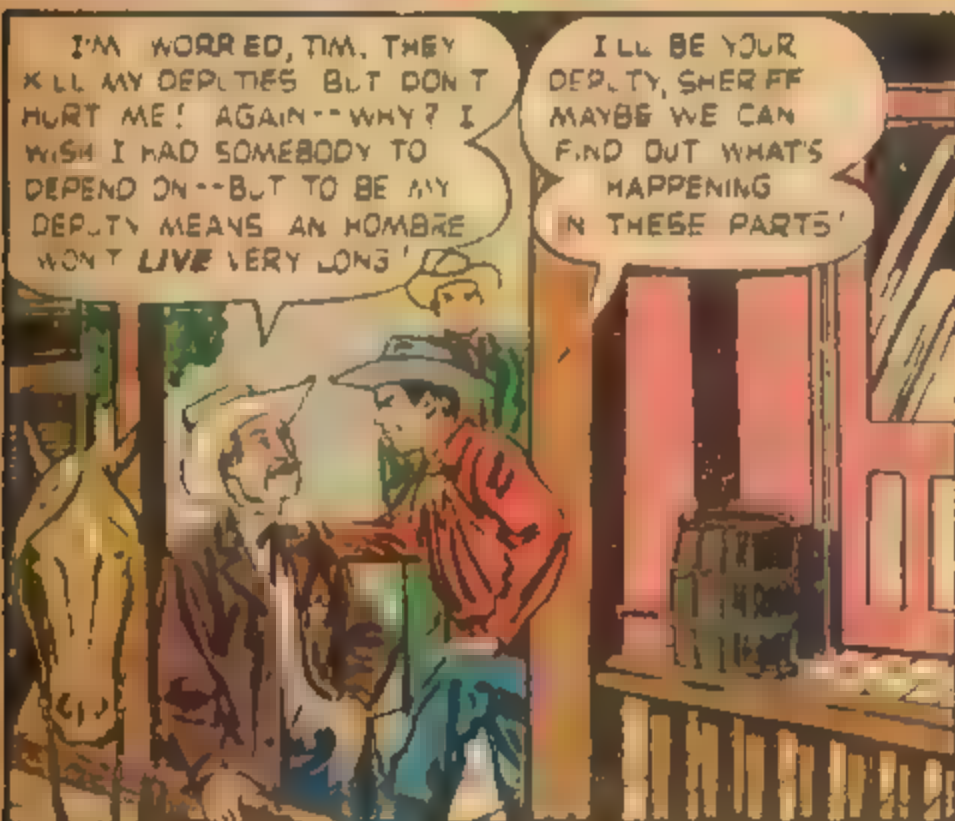
EDDIE'S DEAD JUST  
LIKE THE OTHERS! WHO  
DID IT? WHY? I KNOW  
YOU MEN SO I CAN ASK  
THIS QUESTION TOO--  
WHO ARE THE STRANGERS  
WHO'VE RIDDEN INTO  
TOWN LATELY?



THE SHERIFF SAYS, "YUH'VE  
SEEN 'EM ALL, HARDFACED MEN  
THEY ARE WEARING THEIR GUNS  
LOW"

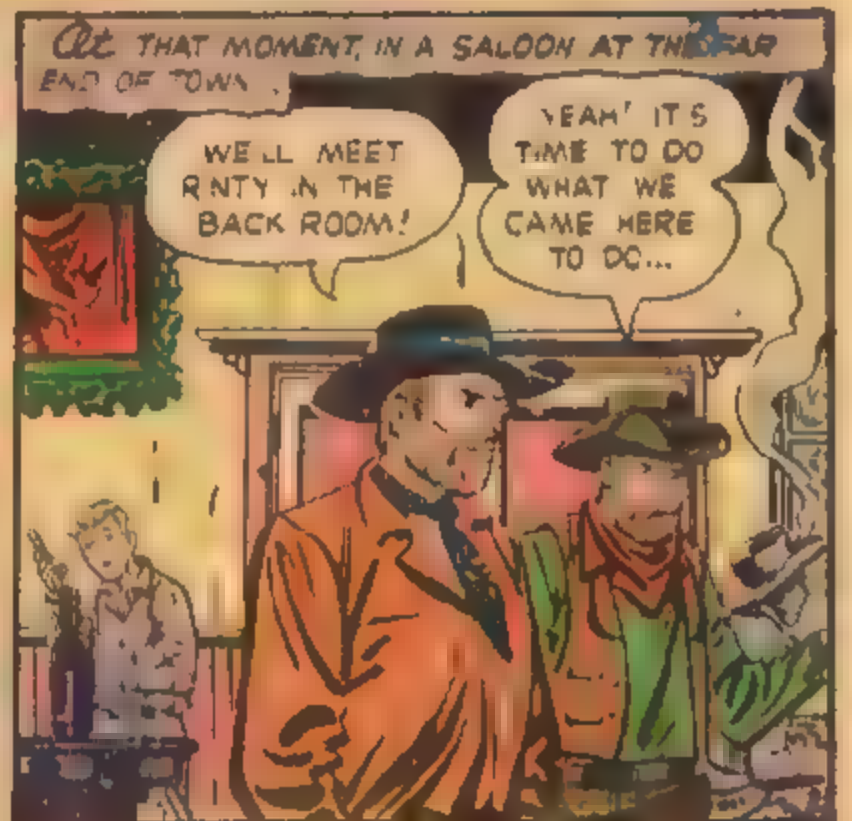


"MUST BE TWENTY OF 'EM ALL  
TOLD. THE KILLINGS STARTED SINCE  
THEY GOT HERE WHAT DO THEY  
WANT? WHY DO THEY JUST HANG  
AROUND AND-- WAIT?"



I'M WORRIED, TIM. THEY  
KILL MY DEPUTIES BUT DON'T  
HURT ME! AGAIN--WHY? I  
WISH I HAD SOMEBODY TO  
DEPEND ON--BUT TO BE MY  
DEPUTY MEANS AN HOMBRE  
WON'T LIVE VERY LONG!

I'LL BE YOUR  
DEPUTY, SHERIFF  
MAYBE WE CAN  
FIND OUT WHAT'S  
HAPPENING  
IN THESE PARTS!



AT THAT MOMENT, IN A SALOON AT THE FAR  
END OF TOWN

WE'LL MEET  
RENTY IN THE  
BACK ROOM!

YEAH! IT'S  
TIME TO DO  
WHAT WE  
CAME HERE  
TO DO...

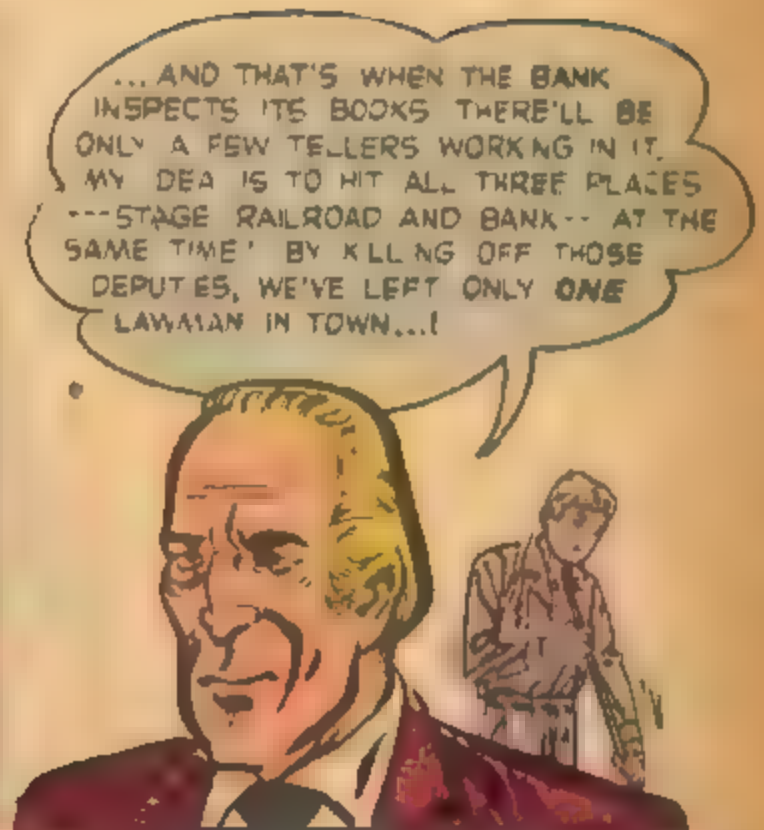
# TIM HOLT



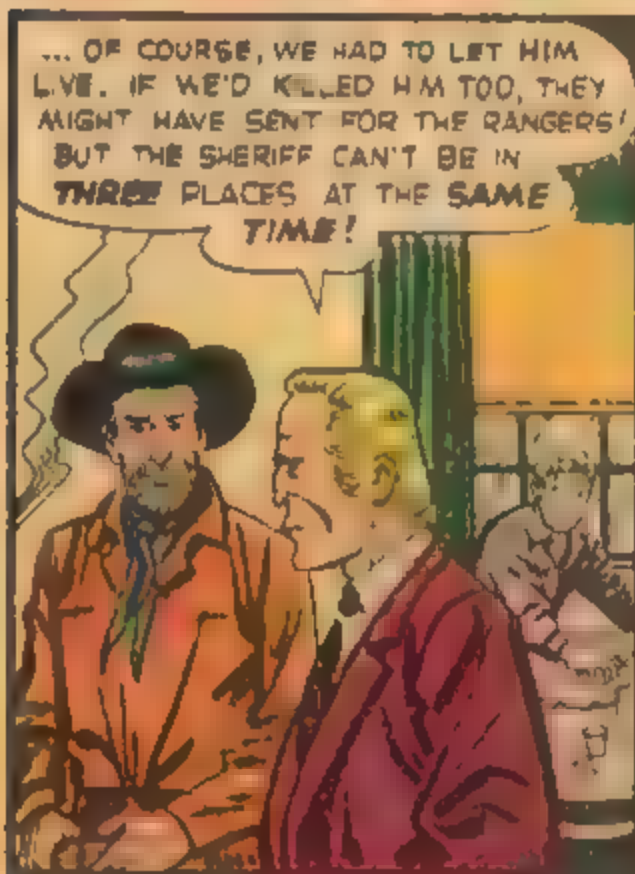
WE'VE DONE OUR PART, RINTY. THE REST'S UP TO YOU!

WHEN'S THIS BIG 'DEAL' TAKING PLACE?

ON THE FIFTEENTH! ALL THE CASH PAYROLLS COME INTO TOWN ON THAT DAY! AND THE SILVER SHIPMENT COMES TO THE RAILROAD FROM THE MINES SOUTH OF HERE...



... AND THAT'S WHEN THE BANK INSPECTS ITS BOOKS THERE'LL BE ONLY A FEW TELLERS WORKING IN IT. MY IDEA IS TO HIT ALL THREE PLACES --- STAGE RAILROAD AND BANK --- AT THE SAME TIME! BY KILLING OFF THOSE DEPUTES, WE'VE LEFT ONLY ONE LAWYAN IN TOWN...!



... OF COURSE, WE HAD TO LET HIM LIVE. IF WE'D KILLED HIM TOO, THEY MIGHT HAVE SENT FOR THE RANGERS! BUT THE SHERIFF CAN'T BE IN THREE PLACES AT THE SAME TIME!



I RECKON RINTY DIDN'T KNOW IT, BUT ONE OF THOSE DEPUTES HE KILLED WAS MY COUSIN

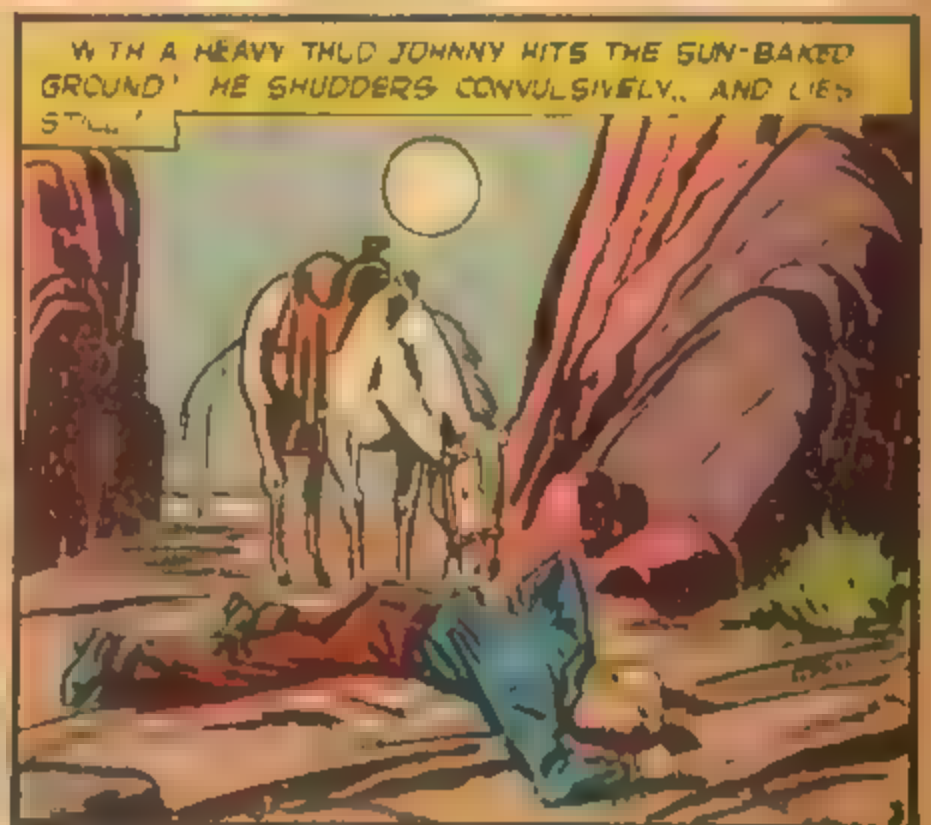


THE SHERIFF SN'T N -- BUT I HAVE TO WARN SOMEBODY! RECKON TIM HOLT WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON.

OUT ACROSS THE SOTOL-DOTTED PLAINS RACES JOHNNY ON HIS PONY. AS HE HEADS UP INTO CACTUS PASS...

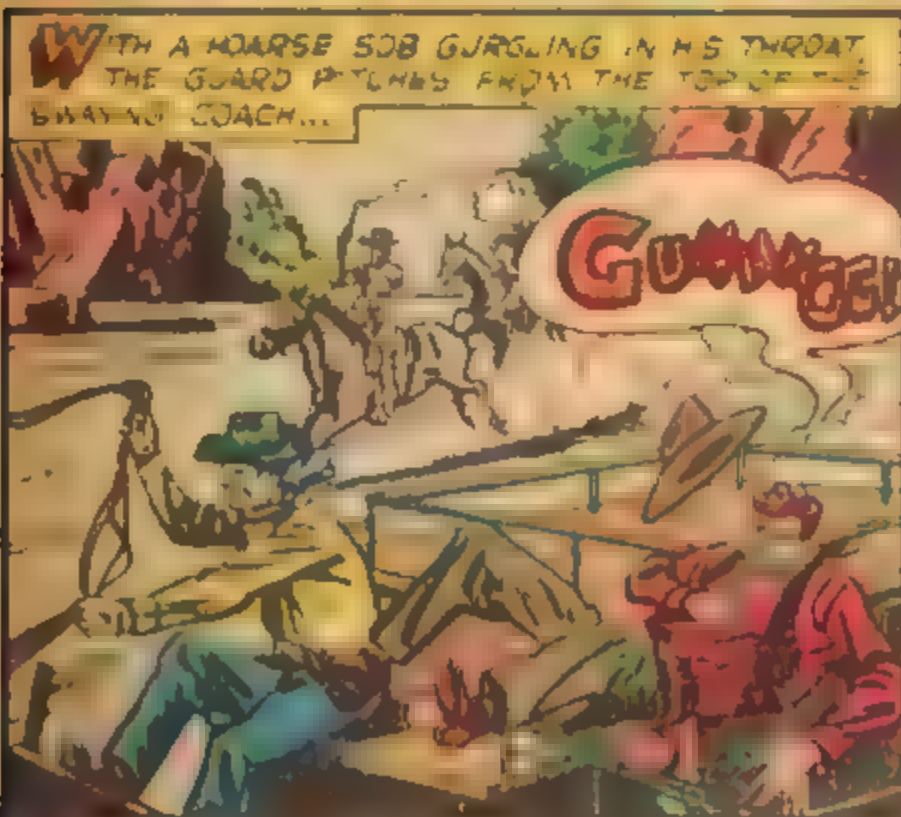


HE STEPPED IN A PRAIRIE DOG'S HOLE...  
**YEEEEOW!**

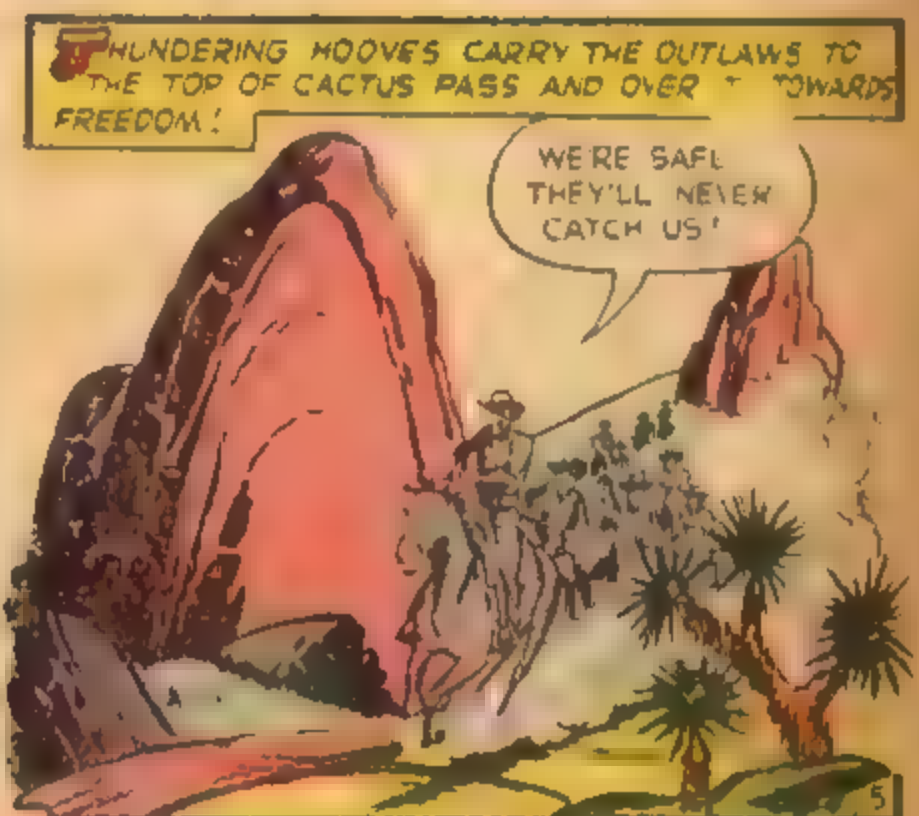


WITH A HEAVY THUD JOHNNY HITS THE SUN-BAKED GROUND! HE SHUDDERS CONVULSIVELY... AND LIES STILL!

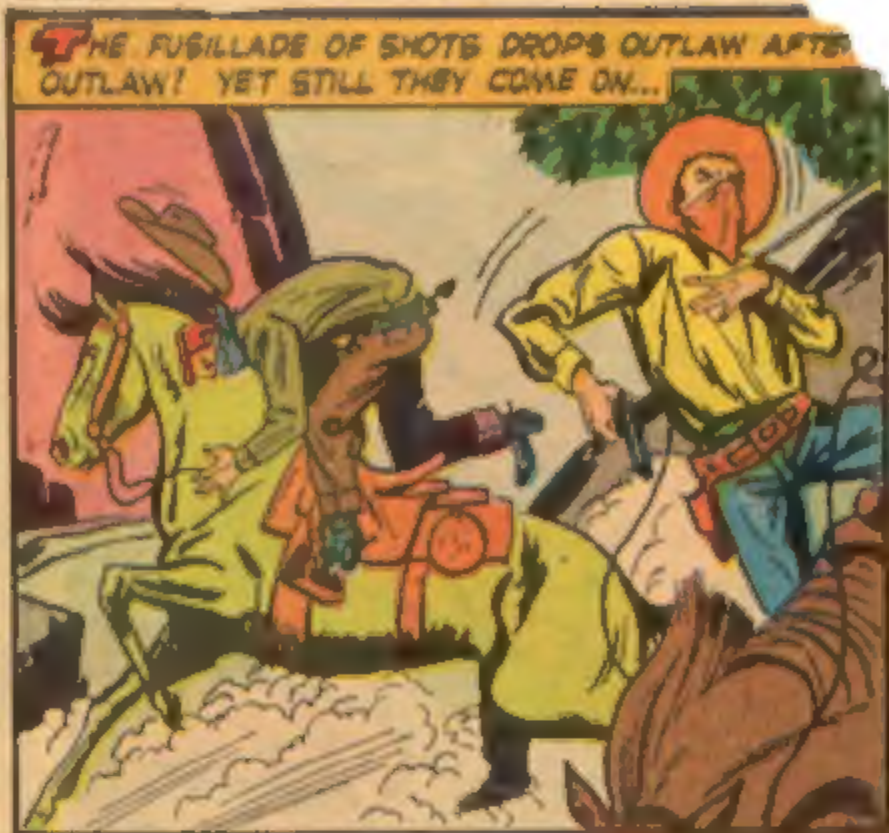
# TIM HOLT



# TIM HOLT



# TIM HOLT



**W**ITH GRIM, DEADLY DETERMINATION, THE COWHANDS POUR IN THEIR FIRE! THE MURDERED MEN WERE THEIR FRIENDS! MEN LIKE THESE--- GUNMEN AND KILLERS --- MUST PAY THE PRICE FOR MURDER...



# TIM HOLT



The End



In the late 'Eighties, wild-horse hunters flourished in the hills and high plateaus of Utah. Here is a typical mountain corral, with Tim Holt hurrying to close the gate on a score of skittish, unbroken mustangs just rounded up.

# SCOOP!

**CHRONOGRAPH  
WRIST-WATCH  
WATCH  
STOP-WATCH  
TELEMETER  
TACHOMETER**

**ONLY  
\$7.25**

**LOWEST MARKET PRICE!**



- Sweep Second Hand • Precision Workmanship • Rugged Shock-Resistant Case • Swiss lever movement • Radium hands and numerals • Sweatproof band • It measures distance, speed of cars, planes, horses, sporting events, and other moving objects • It's a timekeeper, stop watch, telemeter, tachometer • **ONE FULL YEAR GUARANTEE!** Operating instructions with every watch. Two-Push Button operation • Precision movement.

**SEND NO MONEY! . . . ORDER NOW!**

MARDO SALES CO., Dept. FE 9219  
480 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Please send me the Chronograph Wrist Watch for \$7.25 plus 10% Federal Tax, total \$8.00, plus C.O.D. charges. One year guarantee and operating instructions to come with my watch.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

- ☐ I enclose \$8.00 in payment. Send prepaid.  
☐ Send C.O.D.



**FREE**  
**7-DAY TRIAL!**

Return and Pay Nothing  
If Not Completely Satisfied

Now **ANY**

# AUTO REPAIR JOB

Can Be *"Duck Soup"* For You!



See How to Repair—Quickly and Easily—Any Car Built Since 1935! Over 200,000 Service and Repair Facts—More than 2100 "How-to-Do-It" Photos, Drawings, Diagrams! Over 200 "Quick-Check" Tables! 795 Pages of Easy, Step-by-Step Instructions!

**H**ERE'S the huge, illustrated "How-to-Do-It" volume you **NEED** to "whiz through" any service or repair job on any make or model car built from 1935 thru 1949! Save work on those "ornery" jobs that can be such a "headache!" Make **MORE** money by doing more jobs in **LESS** time!

Whether you're a trained specialist or a beginner mechanic, you'll quickly get the "know-how" from MoToR's Auto Repair Manual. Just look up the make, model and job in the Instant-Reference Index. Then go to it! Easy step-by-step pictures make every operation "duck soup" for you!

## LIKE 150 SHOP REPAIR MANUALS IN ONE!

Here, in detailed "Quick-Reference" tables and concise "How-to-Do-It" words and pic-

tures, are the official facts and instructions you **MUST HAVE** to tune up, service or repair any car! Priceless help that saves you "guess-work"—eliminates trial and error!

Factory engineers from every automobile plant in America worked out these time-saving standard procedures for their own motor car line. Now the editors of MoToR have gathered together this wealth of "Know-How" from over 150 Official Factory Shop Manuals, "boiled it down" into clear, readable terms in one handy, indexed book!

## EVERYTHING YOU'LL NEED TO KNOW

MoToR's Manual takes nothing for granted. Starts at the very beginning; tells you how to identify all 697 car models. More than 2100 easy-to-follow Photos, Drawings, and Diagrams guide you step-by-step right through each operation. 795 big, readable pages crammed with Factory Specifications and Adjustment Tables, Tune-Up Charts, Tables of Measurements and Clearances, Overhauling and Replacement facts, and much **MORE!**

## SEND NO MONEY

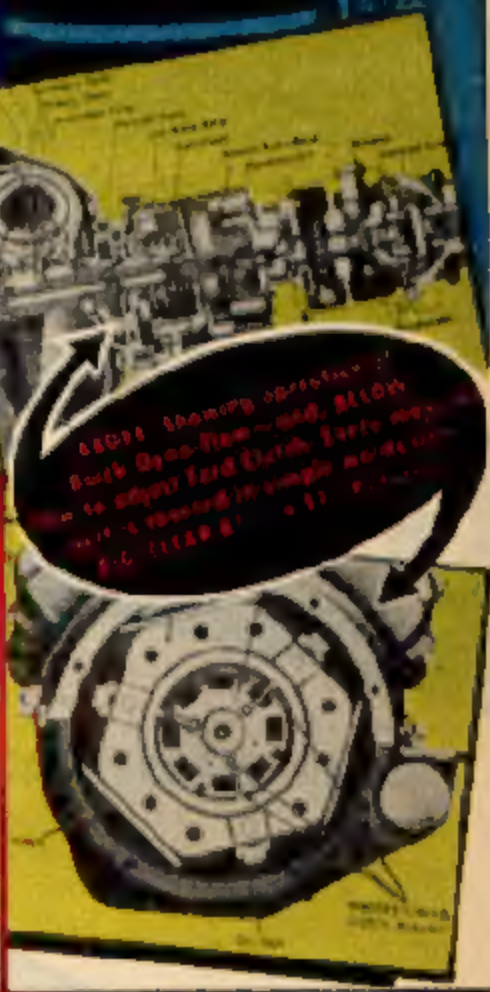
Just mail coupon! When the postman brings book, pay him nothing. First, make it show you what it's got! Unless you agree this is the greatest time-saver and work-saver you've ever seen—return book in 7 days and pay nothing. Mail coupon today! Address: MoToR Book Dept. Desk 456, 250 West 55th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Used By  
U. S. Army  
and Navy

## COVERS ANY CAR BUILT SINCE 1935!

|           |              |
|-----------|--------------|
| American  | Graham       |
| Bantam    | Hudson       |
| Auburn    | Hupmobile    |
| Austin    | Kaiser       |
| Buick     | Lafayette    |
| Crosley   | La Salle     |
| Chrysler  | Lincoln      |
| Cord      | Lincoln      |
| Cadillac  | Zephyr       |
| Chevrolet | Mercury      |
| Dodge     | Nash         |
| De Soto   | Oldsmobile   |
| Ford      | Packard      |
|           | Pierce Arrow |
|           | Plymouth     |
|           | Pontiac      |
|           | Reo          |
|           | Studebaker   |
|           | Terraplane   |
|           | Willis       |

**MOTOR'S**  
**AUTO**  
**REPAIR**  
**MANUAL**



LEARN everything operationally! Such Open-Flow—no! ALLOW you to adjust Ford clutch. Every operation is covered in simple words and pictures! (READ IT!) • \$1.00

## Just 2 of the Many Letters of Praise



"MoToR's Manual paid for itself on the first 2 jobs, and saved me valuable time by eliminating guesswork." — W. SCHROEP, Ohio.

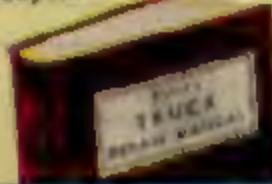


"Instructions so clear have no trouble learning anything about any car. Now working as mechanic in big plant." — SAM ORSONKE, Cal.

## Same FREE Offer on MoToR's TRUCK MANUAL

Covers **EVERY** job on **EVERY** truck made from 1936 thru 1946! 1400 pictures, 952 pages, 300,000 facts. All types Gasoline Engines, Truck Diesels, Haulmans, Fuel Systems, Lubrication, Ignition, Starters, Clutches, Axles, Brakes, etc.

**ALSO** covers many buses, tractors, contractor and road building equipment, stationary power machinery. Check box in coupon.



## MAIL COUPON NOW FOR 7-DAY FREE TRIAL

### MoToR BOOK DEPARTMENT

Desk 456, 250 West 55th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Rush to me at once: (Check box opposite book you want)

☐ MoToR's **AUTO REPAIR MANUAL**. If O.K. I will remit \$1 in 7 days, (plus 35¢ delivery charge), then \$2 monthly for 2 months, and a final payment of 95¢ a month later. Otherwise I will return book postpaid in 7 days. (Foreign price, remit \$8 cash with order.)

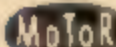
☐ MoToR's **TRUCK REPAIR MANUAL**. (Described at left) If O.K. I will remit \$2 in 7 days, and \$2 monthly for 3 months, plus 35¢ delivery charge with final payment. Otherwise I will return book postpaid in 7 days. (Foreign price, remit \$10 cash with order.)

Print Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Print Address \_\_\_\_\_

City & Zone No. \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**SAVE 35¢ delivery charge by enclosing WITH COUPON check or money order for full payment of \$5.00 for Auto Manual (or \$8.00 for Truck Manual). Same return-refund privilege applies.**



Published by MoToR, The Leading Automotive Business Magazine.